

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

1. THE PLACE WHERE LIGHT DWELLETH,	<i>British Quarterly Review,</i>	323
2. JOHN. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part VI.,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	341
3. THE SPOTTED DOG. By Anthony Trollope. Concluded,	<i>St. Pauls,</i>	355
4. JAMES BOSWELL,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	366
5. PAUL JONES RIGHTED,	<i>All the Year Round,</i>	372
6. THE SUEZ CANAL,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	377
7. THE PROPOSED TUNNEL TO FRANCE,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i>	380
8. DEATHS FROM WILD BEASTS IN INDIA,	<i>Allen's Indian Mail,</i>	381
9. AT ROME,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	383

POETRY.

THE CUCKOO,	322	AT ROME,	383
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SHORT ARTICLES.

CORRESPONDENCE—SAINT DOMINGO,	322	THE POPE A DESCENDANT OF A JEW,	384
THE HANDWRITING OF SOVEREIGNS,	340		

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CORRESPONDENCE—SAINT DOMINGO.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. LITTELL, —

I should be glad to assist your friend, Commodore Green, to some knowledge of the changes in the government of St. Domingo; but if he means secret changes, I can do little for him, as no connected history of either part of the island has been published, bringing down affairs later than the departure of Boyer in 1844. The books relating to the history previous to that time, are, first, *Histoire de St. Domingue*, by Pere Charlevoix, published in 1730; second, *L'Histoire de la Revolution de St. Domingue*, par Pamphile de Lacroix, which is the best account extant of the revolution commencing with the insurrection of the blacks in 1791 and ending with the final expulsion of the French by Dessalines in 1804; third, *Histoire D'Haiti*, par Thomas Madison, fils, who brings down events to the accession of Boyer; fourth, *Etudes sur L'Histoire D'Haiti*, par B. Ardouin in nine volumes, which closes with the expulsion of Boyer in 1844. With regard to changes since that date the history has not been written, nor, as was said by Milton about the wars of the early Britons, is it better worth writing, than the history of the "quarrels between kites and crows." All, since that date, has been, as Wordsworth untruly said of the French revolution, "perpetual emptiness, unceasing change." There has been no purpose in these changes, except the unconscious, underlying one of bringing the people down to that state of disorganization which makes it perfectly clear that it is time they were taken care of by somebody else. Guerrier succeeded to Riviere, Pierrot to Guerrier, Riche to Pierrot, Soulouque to Riche, Geffrard to Soulouque, Salnave to Geffrard, and Saget to Salnave, and all, with two exceptions, from the same cause. The ruler, for the time being in power, was unable to supply all his ambitious followers with place and money; the outs became discontented, conspired against those in power, took their place, and were themselves put out by other needy successors. The exceptions to this process were Guerrier and Riche who died in office of drunkenness and debauchery shortly after their accession. In the Dominican part, the course has been very similar in cause and effect. The changes, I think, have been quite as numerous as in the Haytien part. The only printed books within my knowledge which throw any light on these changes on either side of the island are first, *L'Empereur Soulouque et son Empire*, par Gustave D'Alaux, whose real name was Max Raybaud, French Consul-general at Hayti, published originally in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1851 and collected into a volume in 1856; second, *The Dominican Republic and the Emperor Soulouque*, by Brittannicus, alias, Theodore Henniken, (a Scotch mahogany cutter of Santiago, who furnished Washington Irving with some valuable notes for his life of Columbus), published in 1852; third, "*Sous Les Tropiques*," par Paul Dhormoys, published in 1864; fourth,

The Black Man, or Haytien Independence, by M. B. Bird, for nearly thirty years a Wesleyan missionary in Hayti, published in 1869. The latter gives the only connected account I have seen of the expulsion of Geffrard, the book being otherwise a compilation of not much value; nor have any of the others much value. I knew all of these authors with the exception of Dhormoys. The only ruler that Hayti has ever had, with any real progress in him, was Boyer.

Toussaint was a little black Bonaparte of wonderful talents, it is true, and desirous of advancing Hayti, but always with the condition that he should be absolute master of it. He knew no other method than that of the old French planters, which he essentially kept up, hence his deportation caused little regret. Christophe was a small Peter the Great, who imported a sort of civilization which died out as soon as the foreigners, who came with his paper and powder mills and Lancasterian schools, died or went away. Boyer was a man of large powers of organization, finished education, minute knowledge of the Haytien and Dominican character, and ruled the whole island for twenty-one years, during which time it made sensible progress in agriculture and commerce and the people made substantial, though not rapid, progress in civilization. No war, nor important insurrection, took place during his time, except the revolution gotten up by dissatisfied partisans in his old age, which drove him out of the country. The island has been retrograde ever since and will so continue until taken in hand by us. The books I have mentioned can probably be found in the Boston library, but those relating to affairs since 1844 will give little satisfactory information.

THE CUCKOO.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

I HEARD the cuckoo at the evening's close
Trill its low calls from out a bower of blossom;
And, at the sound, a trill of joy arose
And trembled through my bosom.

A sudden rapture lived in every vein;
My heart leap'd up to greet the glad new-comer;
And dreams of childhood danced about my brain
In whispers of the summer!

Could I translate that thrill of joy to men —
To weary struggling souls could I but show it
In sweetness and in tenderness — ah, then
I might be deem'd a poet!

New Monthly Magazine.

SIGNOR G. BIRON has edited, at Bologna, a treatise on popular rhymes composed in 1832, by Antonio da Tempo, a Paduan judge.

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE PLACE WHERE LIGHT DWELLETH.*

THE central idea of modern science is force. Of this force it is supposed there is a certain quantity in the universe which can neither be physically lessened nor increased. It may be passive, like the slumbering electricity in an unexcited body, in which case it is called potential energy; or it may wake up into resistless activity, like the same element in an exploding thunder-bolt, and then it is known (perhaps felt) as actual or dynamic energy. All the forms of force are said to be related, and all admit of mutual conversion; but whatever character they assume, and whether kept in daily circulation or buried in some subterranean storehouse for ages, the sum-total of power is alleged to remain precisely and unchangeably the same. It is a something which He only who created can diminish or destroy.

For us, in this planet, the sun is the chief fountain of force. The mechanical labour alone which our luminary performs in the world is prodigious, and his agency in some of the commonest transactions is popularly unsuspected. Ask a rustic miller what turns his watermill, and he would regard it as a pure mockery were he told that it was the sun. It is certainly the stream which drives the wheel, and as certainly it is the earth's gravity which draws the fluid down to the lowest level it can find. But what lifted that fluid to the heights from which it has so noisily descended? Clearly the bright but distant orb, without which there would be no rain to fill the channel and no moisture to feed the springs.

And what works that windmill whose sails are circling so merrily on the neighbouring hill? There again we have the same great agent employed — stronger than the strongest giant, meeker than the humblest turnspit; for it is he who sets the air in motion, and refreshes the earth with zephyrs, or purifies it with the storm and tempest.

* *Le Soleil*. PAR AMEDEVILLE GUILLEMIN. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1869.

Researches on Solar Physics. By WARREN DE LA RUE, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., BALFOUR STEWART, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Superintendent of the Kew Observatory, and BENJAMIN LOEWEY, Esq., Observer. First, Second, and Third Series. London: Taylor and Francis. 1865-9. (Printed for private circulation.)

But surely, it might be said, the horse which drags yonder heavy load, and the locomotive which transports yonder heavier train, accomplish their tasks, the one by virtue of its muscles, the other by virtue of its steam, and this without the slightest help from your puissant sun? Do they? Not a morsel of duty could they perform had he not given them the means! For without him there could have been no vegetable life to supply the animal with food, or to replenish its iron substitute with fuel. It is to the sun, too, that we ourselves owe the power of performing the simplest physical acts, for it is he who is our helper if we shake a friend by the hand, and our accomplice if we knock an adversary down. In fact, trace matters back sufficiently far — a few steps will generally be enough — and we shall discover that all mechanical activity must, in some way or other, be ascribed to the influence or intervention of this *ministro maggior della natura*, as Dante calls the sun. The very tides which appear to be so emphatically under the sway of the moon are no exceptions to this law; for how could the seas respond to the lunar solicitations if they were converted into solid masses of ice, as they would infallibly be by the extinction of his rays? * Considering, indeed, how all animal and vegetable existence is dependent upon the solar emanations, Professor Tyndall is abundantly justified in his assertion that "we are not only in a poetical sense, but in a mechanical sense, the children of the sun."

From this orb there stream down upon us three distinct forms of influence — the luminous, the calorific, the chemical. How light develops force, how it sets bodies to work at its bidding, may be seen in its action on plants. A laurel leaf introduced into a receiver of carbonic acid and hydrogen, as Boussingault shows, produces no effect whilst kept in perfect darkness; take it into sunshine, and that leaf becomes inspired with energy; it tears the elements of the acid asunder, appropriates the carbon

* Perhaps volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and the energies derived from the internal heat of the globe, may seem to be purely domestic transactions; but it is impossible to say how far that very heat may not have been a legacy from the sun, or our share of the great solar inheritance when the earth entered upon its planetary career.

to its use, and is prepared to deliver up the oxygen for the general purposes of creation. So long as a vegetable is retained in profound obscurity its leaves appear to be asleep; they can only exhale — we had almost said dream out — carbonic acid; and it is not until placed under the stimulus of light that they become sensitive, and wake up to do their appointed work.

How the chemical rays excite molecular action may be briefly indicated by referring to their effect upon a mixture of chlorine and hydrogen. Kept for a time in darkness, these two gases, though eager to combine and form hydrochloric acid, remain silent and insulated; but turn on a current of sunshine, and in a moment or two an explosion ensues, and the union is effected with such violence that the vessel may be shattered to fragments. By way of estimating the sun's chemical power, Bunsen and Roscoe calculated that if our earth were surrounded by an atmosphere of these two gases, to the depth of about thirty-eight yards, the letting in of his light fully for a single minute would convert the whole into an ocean of hydrochloric acid.

But it is the sun's heat which will afford us the readiest and most familiar illustrations of his force. His issue of caloric has been variously represented. According to Sir J. Herschel, it would melt a pillar of ice 1590 square miles at its base and 194,626 miles in height in one second of time. According to Pouillet, it would liquefy a shell of ice ten and a half miles thick in a single day, though it encompassed the entire orb. According to Professor Tyndall, it is equal to the heat which would be yielded by a seam of coal sixteen and a half miles in depth were it fired and reduced to ashes. Large figures are generally very bewildering, and when M. Guillemin expresses the sun's deliveries of caloric by a row of twenty-five ciphers preceded by 4,847, the effect upon the imagination is benumbing rather than exciting:

“A la distance moyenne du soleil a la terre, la quantite de chaleur que l'astre envoie par minute sur 1 metre carre est 17,633 calories. Il est clair que la meme quantite est recue par chacun des metres carres composant la surface d'une sphere ayant le soleil pour centre et pour rayon la terre au soleil. On trouve ainsi pour

la sphere entiere, c'est-a-dire pour la radiation solaire en 1 minute, un nombre de calories egal a 4,847 suivi de 25 zeros.”*

But the matter may be put in a more simple and accessible form. Calculating the caloric yielded by each square foot of the sun's surface every hour, as equivalent to that which would be given out by the combustion of 1,500 lbs. of coal, this would accomplish the work of upwards of 7,000 horses. There is something overpowering in this conception when we consider that it applies to the entire superficies of an enormous globe of more than 880,000 miles in diameter, and not to a few selected spots. We may have here and there on our own planet steam engines doing the work of innumerable quadrupeds, but the idea of several thousands clustered — concentrated, we may say — on each square foot of the sun's area, and exerting their energies incessantly, is one which we cannot compass with much sense of success.

Let us, however, transfer the question of solar power to the surface of the earth. Our globe, of course, intercepts but a fractional part of these burning emanations — only about one-two hundred and fifteen millionth of the whole, according to Herschel. But, relatively small, they are intrinsically enormous, for M. Guillemin observes that the quantity poured upon a single hectare of ground (2·47 acres) develops, under a thousand various forms, as much force as is equivalent to the continued labour of 4,163 horses. The vast amount of work our luminary could, therefore, execute as a mechanical agent by means of his rays, even in the diffuse condition in which they reach this planet, has not failed to attract the attention of curious inquirers. Indeed, we might say that the waste of valuable sunshine which might do the duty of all the steam engines in the world, has excited the displeasure (wrath might be a better word) of more than one scientific economist. There are people who will always be indig-

* M. Guillemin's work on the sun is one of those agreeable productions which take off all stiffness from scientific topics, and put matters in so popular a form that no reader need wrinkle his brows in the vain effort to understand what the writer means, or what the facts imply. It is copiously illustrated, and is inspired with French vivacity from first to last.

nant to think that Niagara cannot be employed to turn mills for grinding our corn, and Vesuvius converted into a forge to melt metal on the most stupendous scale. We plead guilty to a touch of the same temper. But, without indulging in philosophical covetousness, is it not distressing to know that the beams which play so unprofitably, in some respects, on many parts of our earth, might, if properly impounded and harnessed to cunningly-constructed machines, be compelled to serve mankind in a very useful and lucrative capacity?

So, at least, thinks Monsieur Mouchot.

On a fine day, at Paris, it was found that the sun's rays, playing upon a surface of one square metre (1.196 yards) communicated as much heat every minute as would suffice to raise at least one litre (1.76 pints) of ice-cold water to the boiling point. In other words, says our Frenchman, its effect was nearly equal to the theoretical duty of a single horse-power steam engine. There are places, however, on our globe where the sky is clearer, the soil more arid, and where, consequently, the Lord of Day is known to stalk in burning splendour. Could not some of this radiance be captured by means of what M. Mouchot calls solar receivers? He announces that he has taken some practical steps towards the solution of this question. So far back as 1861, he showed the possibility of working a hot-air engine by the instrumentality of the sun's rays. Subsequently, having ascertained that he could generate seventeen litres of vapour in a minute by the use of a silver reflector, he attempted to drive a small steam engine by the agency of arrested sunshine. In 1866, he succeeded. Since, however, his experiments were made upon a restricted scale, this ingenious Frenchman recommends that they should be repeated in tropical countries, and with receivers of more magnificent dimensions. In his enthusiasm he even indulges the hope that some day the invention will be transferred to the deserts, where industry will settle down, and establish important works for the sake of the superior sunshine which those glowing tracts afford. Who will not sympathize with M. Mouchot on learning that, according to his experiments, it would be practicable to collect, in an inexpensive

way, fully three-fifths of the solar heat which falls upon our earth? Is it not a matter for many groans, that whilst the sum of the sun's influence upon our planet has been computed as equivalent to the labour of 217,316,000,000,000 horses toiling day and night, not a single patent, so far as we know, has been taken out for an engine to be directly worked by sunbeams. Ours is certainly a wasteful world. A large portion of the warmth we might extract from our coal goes idly up our chimneys; and it seems that the cheaper caloric which is sent us from our luminary is allowed to flow back into space without driving (by its immediate action) so much as a coffee-mill, or performing any artificial mechanical duty for mankind.

Whence, however, proceeds the heat which the sun thus prodigally emits? In our own planet, combustion—that is to say, chemical combination—is the chief source of native caloric. But if a similar process were in progress on the central orb, it must sooner or later come to a conclusion; and though we cannot read the history of the sun at large, yet it is in our power to grope backwards, and judge whether such an operation can have been in force during his registered existence. Now, Professor W. Thomson says that the “chemical theory is quite insufficient, because the most energetic chemical action we know, taking place between substances amounting to the whole sun's mass, would only generate about 3,000 years' heat.” If, therefore, our luminary had been dependent upon his own treasures of inflammable material, he must have been a dead, dark mass when Adam left Paradise, and could have had no visible existence when Joshua is reported to have held him spell-bound for a whole day upon Gibeon. And during those 3,000 years his energies must have varied not only sensibly, but seriously; for, however well “coaled” the orb might be when his career as the giver of light commenced, yet, self-sustained, it is impossible to believe that he could have preserved the same steady glow throughout the whole period of human experience. Professor Tyndall computes that if the sun had been a great block of coal, supplied with as much oxygen as would enable him to uphold the existing rate of radi-

ation, the whole of his substance would have been consumed in 5,000 years. Kindled at the birth of Adam, his very embers would now have ceased to gleam.

We must, therefore, have recourse to some more efficient theory than that of simple combustion. That the luminary shines by virtue of some mysterious property of his own is as inadmissible as the idea of those perpetual lamps, fed by their own un-renewed fuel, which are said to have been found in ancient sepulchres, but of which no specimen is to be seen in any modern cemetery or antiquarian cabinet. Perhaps the most inviting hypothesis is the meteoric.

There is manifestly a prodigious quantity of spare matter in the universe. We will not call it waste matter — the refuse left by the Creator when the work of world-making was completed, as Dr. Whewell suggested — but round the sun, and probably round the earth, and possibly round each planet,* small bodies are continually revolving. These are, of course, too diminutive to be ranked as satellites; but occasionally some of them are seen flashing through the air, whilst others, though more rarely, are overpowered by the earth's gravity and dragged to the ground. Looking up at the sky on any clear evening, it would be strange if the eye did not catch a glimpse of some meteor suddenly kindled and as suddenly extinguished. On certain nights in August and November — classical nights for the astronomers — thousands of these splendid objects have been counted. It was computed, from observations at Boston (U. S.), that on one occasion not less than 240,000 swept through the atmosphere in the course of nine hours; and there are few persons in this country who will not remember the magnificent display of 1866, when our planet seemed to be undergoing bombardment from some rival orb, and the shells fell in showers through the air — harmlessly, thank Heaven! — for if the skyey artillery had been pointed direct at our globe, instead of hurling its missiles over our heads, what a battered appearance the poor earth might have presented when the combat was concluded and the foe had retired!

Now, when one of these vagrant masses alights upon our globe it is found to be in so highly heated a condition that it cannot be handled; or should it remain undiscovered for months or years, we know from the signs of superficial fusion, though its substance consists of stone or iron, that a vast quantity of caloric must have been devel-

oped during its transit through the air. Mr. Symonds, who witnessed the fall of a mass of meteoric iron in 1844, in a pass near the river Mocerita, in South America, went immediately to the spot, but could not approach nearer than ten or twelve yards on account of the heat; the soil was bubbling up around it for the same reason, and the *piedra de fierro*, so far as it was not embedded in the ground, was glowing intensely.

This caloric cannot come, to any extent at least, from combustion, for we might as well expect a cannon-ball to burst into a blaze as a lump of meteoric iron; nor can it have been imported from abroad by the body itself, as might have been the case if *aërolites* had been ejected from lunar volcanoes in conformity with Laplace's view. Obviously the elevated temperature of these objects is due to the friction encountered in the atmosphere, and to the concussion sustained by the fall. Can we doubt, then, that the impact of such masses, showered into the sun by millions — all their arrested motion converted into heat — would feed the solar furnace to some notable extent?

Nor will it be deemed a fact without significance that the elements discovered in the sun are correspondent in character with those discovered in meteoric stones. In other words, on applying the spectroscope to the solar atmosphere no substance can be detected there which may not be found in the lumps of fuel dropped by the way, and left with us as if for the very purpose of analysis. The singular prominence of the iron lines in the spectrum cannot fail to prove suggestive when we remember that the same metal forms the chief constituent of many of the masses which have fallen from our sky, though, as M. Meunier says, it is more characteristic of ancient than of modern descents. Nickel, cobalt, copper, zinc, sodium, potassium, calcium, aluminium, hydrogen, and other elements which have already revealed themselves in the sun, are common components of these captured ramblers.

It is true that meteorites exhibit still more numerous points of concurrence with the materials of our globe, for about thirty of our elementary bodies have been traced in them on the one hand, whilst, on the other, no purely foreign substance has yet been detected; but the discoveries in the solar world are by no means completed, and the community of matter which has recently been established suggests that there may have been in ancient days, as there may be in future times, something more than a casual connection between the wandering

* Saturn's rings may be thus constituted.

masses of space and the great orb whose gravity governs the whole system.

Let it be observed, however, in reference to this theory, that it does not involve the idea of combustion in the ordinary sense. It is not coal, or coke, or other inflammable material which is supposed to be carted off to the sun. The meteors produce heat chiefly by their concussion. Doubtless, there are many persons to whom this will appear a very unsatisfactory source of caloric. A smith may hammer a piece of iron till it becomes red-hot, but how many Cyclops would be required to keep a whole anvil glowing from day to day? Yet, if we take a few calculations as proximately correct, it will be seen what prodigious results may arise from the simple arrest of motion. It was computed by Mayer, the great patron of the theory, that a cosmical fragment hurling itself upon the central orb at a speed of from 445,750 to 630,400 metres per second, would produce from 4,600 to 9,200 times more heat by its simple shock than a similar quantity of coal would by its combustion. One of our eminent physicists asserts, that if the earth were suddenly halted in its course, and allowed to descend by its gravity to the sun, the caloric generated by the blow would be equal to that developed by the combustion of 5,600 worlds of solid carbon. Professor W. Thomson estimated the effect which most of the planets would produce if they were similarly flung upon the parent orb. Whilst the shock occasioned by the precipitation of our earth in a direct line would of itself maintain the sun's present issues of heat for nearly 100 years, Mars, by his concussion, would afford a supply for about twelve and three-quarter years. Little Mercury, short as is the distance he would tumble, would represent something more than a few scuttles full of fuel cast upon the central fire, for he would be able to keep it alive for about six and a half years. If Saturn, though light as cork, were to "shoot madly" from his sphere, the terrible momentum he would acquire during his descent, would contribute 9,650 years of heat, whilst Jupiter, with his heavier mass, would charge the solar furnace with caloric to the extent of its capacity for upwards of 322 centuries. Thus the eight planets of our system (to say nothing of their satellites, or of the mob of asteroids) would, if perpendicularly projected upon the sun, engender heat sufficient to enable it to preserve its present status amongst the stars for nearly fifty thousand years.

But is there adequate foundation for this hypothesis? It is a captivating speculation,

for it has the merit of pointing out an accessible supply of fuel (using that word in its scientific, and not in its conventional sense), and at the same time of converting the very lumber of creation, as it might be excusably deemed, into the most useful and important item in the cosmical economy. The theory is one also which sweeps shoals of comets into its net, and of these bodies, as Kepler observed, there are more in space than there are fishes in the sea. "Alle diese Massen," says Mayer, "stürzen mit einem heftigen Stosse in ihr gemeinsames Grab." It provides also a kind of self-acting machinery, by which this fuel is brought to the sun's doors, and flung into the flames without any other agency — we had almost said without any other "stoker" — than gravity itself. Seeing how necessary it is for the planetary household that the solar caloric should be carefully maintained, could a more valuable function be assigned to such matter than that of keeping up the great focal fires, especially if it be the wreck of shattered globes, or the sweepings of the system which might otherwise have been consigned to the dust-bin of creation, or allowed to litter the heavens in revolving heaps?

Fascinating, however, as this theory may be, it is right to remember that it is looked upon by many as little more than a scientific castle in the air. There is no proof that meteors are shot down upon the sun in such profusion, and with such wonderful regularity, as to keep the great central furnace in "full blast." Many points of difficulty will, of course, arise. If, for example, our luminary is thus incessantly pelted, he must be constantly augmenting in substance; and in a system so delicately adjusted as ours, will not this continual addition of matter disturb the balance of forces, and eventually lead to the destruction of the whole? * To this it is replied that the increase must be so slight in comparison with the solar mass, that no change measurable by human instruments, or perceptible by human organs, can possibly have ensued; and further, since the sun's current expenditure of radiant force is assumed to be balanced by his income of fuel, there must be compensating principles at work which will keep his accounts "on the square." Just in proportion, for example, as his heat is dissipated, so his volume should contract, and it is not an unpalatable supposition, when dealing

* "Es erhebt sich auf diese Weise, dass jede Minute zwischen 94,000 und 188,000 Billionen Meteor-masse auf die Sonne niederstürzen müssen, um ihren Wärmeverlust zu ersetzen? — Adolf Fleck's 'Naturkräfte in ihrer Wechselbeziehung.'"

with an agent of which we know so little as gravity, that even this mystic power may be affected by conditions too subtle or too remote for our present comprehension.

The existence of the zodiacal light has sometimes been quoted in corroboration of the theory. What is this luminous phantom, shaped like a cone, which is best seen on the horizon after the sun, when he sets in the spring of the year, or before him when he rises in the autumn? Part of his atmosphere, it was commonly said. Or, might it not consist of cometary and meteoric material which, growing denser as the distance from the focus of gravity decreased, became visible as a solar appendage? To use the eloquent words of Professor Tyndall, "the entire mass constituting the zodiacal light must be constantly approaching, and incessantly raining its substance upon the sun." Not long ago, however, the spectroscope was brought to bear upon this magnificent apparition and Angström found that instead of exhibiting faint bands of colour, as it should if it shone by reflected solar light, it yielded only one bright line, and that the very line which figures most conspicuously in the spectrum of our own aurora borealis. What renders this coincidence more striking is, that the bright streak in question does not appear to answer to any ascertained spectral element. And to add to the interest of the discovery, similar indications have been obtained from the corona of the sun during a late total eclipse, so that, as Mr. Proctor has recently pointed out, a curious relationship is found to exist between the zodiacal display, the solar crown, the terrestrial streamers, and probably the tails of comets. From this fact alone, however, we are scarcely entitled to infer that the sun is surrounded by a dense swarm of meteoric masses, ever thickening as we approach his vicinity; indeed, the variable demeanour of the phantom in question seems to intimate (what we suspect is the solution of its character) that it is an electrical phenomenon produced by the play of the electrical fluid in matter of an extremely attenuated description attached to the sun. At any hour, however, discoveries may be made which will do much to clear up this, as well as other ancient puzzles of the sky.*

Another attempt to account for the sun's high temperature ascribes it to the domestic operations of gravity. Assuming that this body represents matter which originally existed in a state of great diffusion, the

process of condensation round a central point would necessarily be attended by a disengagement of heat. Looking at the operation simply under its mechanical aspect, the moving of the particles towards the nucleus, and the clashings and collisions thus produced, would raise a capital of caloric, upon the doctrine of transmuted motion, presumably sufficient to establish the sun in business as manager of a planetary system. To many persons indeed such a statement will appear perfectly incredible; or, if they admit that the primary stock of heat may be thus explained, they will insist that the theory makes no provision for subsequent supplies. But the effect of further condensation must not be forgotten. It has been computed by Helmholtz that the contraction of the sun's diameter to the extent of a single thousandth would "squeeze" out as much force as would balance all the heat and light he will squander for the next twenty thousand years.

One other theory deserves passing mention, not, indeed, from its intrinsic merit, but from its gay defiance of all consistency. The sun's warmth is renewed by *friction*. In rotating on its axis the orb brushes against the surrounding medium — the presumed ether of space — and this process occasions a continual discharge of heat, and even of light. But granting as we may the existence of such a medium, and admitting that it was of sufficient density to produce any noticeable amount of friction, should not the same principle be applicable to each planet, especially to the rapid revolvers like Saturn and Jupiter, who spin round on their axes, the former in little more, the latter in little less, than ten hours; and, consequently, ought not each of these bodies to be called a little sun, after its own humble rushlight fashion? Or if it be supposed that the ether is much denser in the vicinity of the solar orb by reason of his commanding gravity, just so much more readily will his motion be retarded, just so much more speedily will his light and caloric be exhausted, and the poor luminary must eventually be brought to a complete halt by the application of this subtle empyreal "break." Mayer, indeed, calculated that, giving to this rotary movement all the effect that could be fairly ascribed to it, it could not, if wholly converted into heat, keep the sun in stock for more than 183 years.

But if the limits of human observation are too narrow to afford us the opportunity of detecting any decline in our imports of caloric, may we not at any rate draw some conclusions respecting the manners and customs of suns by studying their behaviour

* Professor Balfour Stewart seems disposed to regard the red flames or protuberances, respecting which so much has recently been said, as auroral exhibitions in the upper solar atmosphere.

on a large scale—that is, by noting whatever alterations may appear in some of the myriads which sparkle in the sky? Now there are notoriously stars which wax and wane, stars which flame up conspicuously and then subside into insignificance, and stars, too, which suddenly start into view and then vanish apparently for ever. To explain these peculiarities, it has been supposed that the body thus affected may present a dark and a luminous side alternately, or that its native brightness may be obscured by the intervention of some opaque companions, or that instead of being spherical, its form may be such as to exhibit at one time a full face and at another a mere profile or silhouette, or that in consequence of some great convulsion the orb may really be inundated with fire, and finally go out after suffering all the agonies of a terrible conflagration. In sundry cases, too, stars are supposed to have undergone certain alterations of colour, and these may be indicative of alterations in their luminous force. Since then there are, and have been, many examples of these changeable suns in the heavens, it is a possible thing that our own master orb may be subject to similar contingencies, and destined to experience analogous vicissitudes? Courage! however suggests M. Guillemin:—

“ Nous pouvons dormir tranquilles, nous et les generations qui nous suivront pendant bien des milliers de siecles. Notre approvisionnement de chaleur et de lumiere est assure pour un avenir dont nous ne pouvons mesurer la duree. Quelle que soit donc la fraction de ce temps qui nous reste encore a vivre on peut sans crainte de se tromper la mesurer aussi par des millions d’annees. La fin du monde par le refroidissement et l’extinction du soleil est loin de nous! ”

In speaking of our sources of heat, however, some little qualification is required. It is but an act of justice to other suns to remember that we owe something to them, small and insensible as the debt may at first appear. Swift was scarcely correct when he wrote—

“ Stars beyond a certain height,
Give mortals neither heat nor light.”

From every part of the heavens caloric may be said to be trickling down upon the earth, for each orb must be radiating its bright influences into space incessantly. Mr. Huggins and also Mr. Stone have made direct experiments upon the heating capabilities of certain stars, and the latter gentleman ascertained that Arcturus produced an effect equal to that which would be derived from the face of a Leslie cube filled with

boiling water, and placed at a distance of 383 yards, whilst a Lyrae threw out as much warmth as would be represented by a similar cube at a distance of 860 yards. Small as these individual issues may appear, it is something to know that thousands of orbs are sending us their subsidies of caloric. It seems difficult to believe that those calm looking-stars, with their icy glitter, should cast out any thermal rays which would produce the smallest appreciable effect upon our broad acres or deep foggy atmosphere, particularly as Pouillet fixed the temperature of space at 110 degrees below zero. But paradoxical though it may seem, he computed that whilst the sun by his proper force communicates to our globe annually (that is actually delivers *here*) sufficient heat to melt a shell of ice 31 metres in depth, the stars and space afford us as much more as would fuse a shell of 26 metres! It has even been affirmed that if, during the hours of night and the wintry season of the year, we were deprived of this unostentatious supply—this low-toned and obscure caloric, as it might be called—our own radiations into space would be so exhausting that the sun itself would scarcely be able to carry on the business of vitality in the planet.

One question cannot fail to present itself here. Is there any reason to suppose that the sun will ever run out of light, that it will ever become bankrupt in heat? It is impossible to imagine anything more prodigal of his treasures than the “informer of the planetary train.” He pours out his beams above, below, around; by night as fluently as by day; and upon the wastes of the universe as freely as upon the most crowded tracts of creation. He is such a spendthrift of his splendours that he would shine on if every planet were as barren of life as the moon, or as filmy in substance as the comet. But surely, think we, this reckless expenditure of energy must tell upon his exchequer, and some symptoms of decline, if not of future exhaustion, might be expected to appear?

Not, indeed, that there is such a thing as the absolute destruction of force. Upon modern principles, as we have seen, it is simply transmuted, never extinguished. But it would afford us, daily pensioners upon the bounty of the sun, scanty comfort to know that the solar energies might be dispersed over the universe without a single particle being actually lost. That which concentrated in one central body is capable of vivifying a whole family of worlds, would not possess sufficient potency to maintain a cabbage garden, were it parcelled out

amongst myriads of stars; just as the annual revenue which enables an empire to fill every sea with its ships and every land with tokens of its power, would neither support a single pauper, nor make an appreciable addition to a rich man's pocket-money, if equally distributed amongst its inhabitants.

There is, of course, no mode by which the question of declining energy can be accurately determined. It is impossible to say from mere human testimony whether the sun possessed a whit more photographic power a thousand years ago than he does now, or whether his beams played with more ardour upon the painted hides of the ancient Britons than they do upon the highly accoutred forms of their more polished successors. Changes of climate have undoubtedly occurred on our globe, and many vicissitudes of temperature are geologically recorded in our rocks; but it is needless to state that these are not due to any unsteadiness on the part of the sun.

Still, if a man is spending his fortune at a given rate per annum, and we know of no outward sources from which it can be renewed, it might be possible to hazard a guess at the longest period for which it would last. We should, of course, have to conjecture what his capital now is, or what it might have been when his spendthrift career commenced. According to the calculations of Herschel and Pouillet, says Professor Thomson, in a remarkable memoir on the "Age of the Sun's Heat," that body "radiates every year from his whole surface about 6×10^{30} (six million, million, million, million, million) times as much heat as is sufficient to raise the temperature of 1 lb. of water by 1 degree Cent." Assuming that the mean specific heat* of the solar mass were equal to the specific heat of water (this liquid being about the greatest devourer of caloric upon our earth) the rate of cooling deduced from the above computation would be 1 degree Cent., and 4-10ths of a degree per annum. For certain reasons Sir W. Thomson regards it as highly probable that the sun's specific heat is more than ten times and less than 10,000 times that of the fluid in question. "From this it would follow with certainty that his temperature sinks 100 degrees Cent. in some time from 700 years to 700,000 years."

* Specific heat is the quantity of caloric (if we may speak of such a force quantitatively) which a given substance absorbs or stows away—hides, as it were, in itself in a latent form—whilst passing from one degree of temperature to another. To raise one body a single degree requires more or less heat than another; hence its capacity is said to be large or small.

Pouillet, estimating the specific heat of our luminary at 133 times that of water, infers that he is expending his warmth at the rate of one degree Cent. in a century. Small as this may appear, it must be considered that in 6,000 years it would amount to a decline of 60 degrees (= 108 Fah.), which comprehends as great a range of temperature as lies between an African summer with its sudden sunstrokes, and an Arctic zero with its stealthy frostbites. Reasoning, however, upon the supposition that the sun's caloric was acquired from the fall and coalition of smaller bodies under the constraints of gravity, Sir W. Thomson concludes that we may accept

"as a lowest estimate for the sun's initial heat 10,000,000 times a year's supply at the present rate, but 50,000,000 or 100,000,000 as possible in consequence of the sun's greater density in his central parts. The considerations adduced above in this paper regarding the sun's possible specific heat, rate of cooling, and superficial temperature, render it probable that he must have been very sensibly warmer one million years ago than now, and, consequently, that if he has existed as a luminary for ten or twenty million years, he must have radiated away considerably more than the corresponding number of times the present yearly amount of loss. It seems, therefore, on the whole, most probable that the sun has not illuminated the earth for 100,000,000 years, and almost certain he has not done so for 500,000,000 years. As for the future, we may say with equal certainty that the inhabitants of the earth cannot continue to enjoy the light and heat essential to their life for many million years longer unless sources now unknown to us are prepared in the great storehouse of creation."

But this glorious orb, bright and unsullied as it seems to the untutored eye, is by no means stainless. On the contrary, its countenance is rarely free from blotches. One day towards the beginning of the seventeenth century a Dutch observer, Fabricius, whilst eyeing the sun with a telescope, was struck by the appearance of a speck of considerable dimensions. What could it be? A cloud, was his first surmise; but as it was impossible to continue his inspection long for want of a fitting mode of moderating the solar radiance, he and his father were compelled to postpone their scrutiny till the next day. Impatiently they retired to rest, indulging in many a curious speculation as to the nature of the phenomenon. Eagerly they arose; and, on scanning the sun's disc, there was the mysterious intruder, slightly changed in position, and still more slightly changed in form. Great, however, was the chagrin of the worthy pair when three days

of untoward weather intercepted their view of the sun. But, this passed, the apparition was not only found to have advanced some distance towards the western rim, but a smaller spot had emerged on the eastern border, and in a few days this was followed by a third. All were evidently in full march across the solar field, and all successively disappeared. Between the hope of seeing them again and the fear of losing them for ever, poor Fabricius was kept in a state of considerable agitation, and therefore it was with inconceivable pleasure that, after the lapse of some days, he saw the first of them spring up again on the eastern margin of the luminary. Then he knew, either that the objects in question must have made a complete revolution round the sun like little planets, or, that the sun itself, as Bruno and Kepler had suspected, possessed a rotatory motion of its own.

Now these spots have been the subject of much study in recent years, not only on account of their interest as solar eccentricities, but because it was expected that a correct understanding of their character would throw much light on the sun's constitution. Specks as they seem, their movements have been followed and their changes mapped down with an attention which might seem exaggerated if we looked upon them simply as a Lunarian might upon the clouds floating in our own atmosphere. In this country, Mr. Carrington, who published the results of his telescopic rambles in the spotted regions, in a splendid volume,* stands conspicuous; and Messrs. Warren de la Rue, Professor Balfour Stuart, and Mr. Loewy, who have devoted much time and thought to the same subject, have given (and the word must be taken in its literal sense) the fruits of their labours to the public in a series of valuable papers on Solar Physics.

If we imagine ourselves to be standing at some distance from a terrestrial globe, and regard the large islands which speckle the tropical seas as sun spots, we shall notice changes of aspect due entirely to the rotation of the sphere, if slowly and equably performed. Take Madagascar, for example. The island, on emerging from the "wooden horizon," would appear to move somewhat tardily, but would proceed more rapidly as it approached "the brass meridian;" this passed, it would slacken its pace gradually until it dipped into darkness on the other side. The reason is obvious. The motion, in the first place, is partly lost to us because the object is travelling in a

measure towards the eye: in the central portions it is more fully displayed, because the object is travelling athwart the field of vision, whilst in receding, the conditions are reversed, and the pace appears, therefore, to be retarded. Then, too, it was observed, in studying the blots on the sun, that when there were several in sight, they generally took similar paths — tracing, as it were, parallel or concentric lines, like lines of latitude across his disc. Just so, we need scarcely say, the islands on our globe would appear to move in corresponding routes, the curvature being dependent upon the inclination of the pole to the plane of vision. Some specks there are, however, which seem to be endowed with a mobility of their own; for, unlike their island representatives here, they are occasionally observed to vary their distances from each other; one mentioned by M. Langier retreating from a neighbour at the rate of 111 metres per second. The proper motion of the spots, which follows a regular law of increase in proportion to their proximity to the equator, is found to be opposed in direction to that of the sun's rotation.

But these objects do not present themselves at random over the dazzling disc. They affect certain latitudes and eschew others. Even early observers of the phenomenon did not fail to notice that they rarely ventured out of a belt of 30 degrees on each side of the solar equator, which for that reason was designated the "royal zone." In a few instances, indeed, stragglers have been seen in much higher latitudes, and one very lonely and exceptional individual was discovered by La Hire as far north as 70 degrees. But, strange to say, they shun the equator itself almost as much as they do the polar circles. Out of 954 groups observed by Mr. Carrington, one only lay across the line; in four degrees on either side specimens were thinly scattered, whilst in the belts comprehended between the 10th and 30th degrees (the northern hemisphere, however, being more preferred than the southern) they appeared with such frequency, that it is obvious these must be regarded as their favourite promenades.

The most significant feature, however, about these objects is their general construction. They are not of uniform hue, but in or towards the centre there is a dark part called the umbra, or nucleus, and round it there runs a greyish or more gently shaded portion known as the penumbra, the shape of the latter being dictated, in a great measure, by that of the former, just as the fringing round an island on our artificial globe adapts itself to the contour of the

* Observations of the Spots on the Sun, from Nov. 9, 1853, to March 24, 1861, made at Redhill, by Richard Christopher Carrington. 1863.

island itself. This typical form, however, admits of many variations, and is rarely realized in its perfect simplicity. There may be two or three or more black nuclei; the penumbra may seem to be quite out of proportion to the central parts; the outlines may be ragged and destitute of anything like true conformity; here we may have an eccentric specimen without any dark core, and there another which has dispensed entirely with its shaded appendage. Not unfrequently the gloom of the black abyss in the centre (so imagination might deem it) is relieved by bright streaks or patches, and sometimes it is spanned by lines or arches of light, which Herschel happily described as "luminous bridges." Occasionally the penumbra has a striped or corrugated appearance, which has been compared, by another felicitous illustration, to the slopes surrounding a lake when furrowed by the beds of innumerable streams.

But whatever may be the shape the spot assumes, it undergoes certain changes, some of which are optical, and some internal. When first detected on the eastern border (telescopically viewed) the visitor looks like a line or a streak; as it advances it assumes an oval configuration; at the centre it attains its greatest rotundity, and then it passes through reverse transformations before it runs off the opposite edge. Precisely similar changes would appear in our Madagascar, making allowance for its oblong contour, if surveyed from a distance during a half revolution of the globe. The internal alterations are, of course, more capricious. The dark core may expand, but usually the penumbra seems to invade the nucleus, and divide it into portions, or overflow it entirely, gradually vanishing itself in turn. Occasionally patches break up with great rapidity, if we consider their prodigious bulk, for many of them are vastly larger than our terrestrial continents; several, indeed, having been upwards of 50,000 miles across; and one of some notoriety mentioned by Dr. Wollaston, is said to have shattered into fragments almost under the observer's eye.* M. Flammarion gives a lively account of another which slowly threw off a smaller or infant spot by a process similar to that of fissiparous generation: the parent left the little thing lagging in the rear, and sailed away composedly, whilst its offspring was agitated by internal movements and finally went down into the luminous sea around.† The duration of some maculæ, however, is consider-

able. Follow one across the solar field, and after an interval of about 12 3/4 days (during which the sun performs a semi-revolution) *plus* the advance made by the earth in its orbit, the same object will reappear modified in shape, but as near as may be identical in position. For six months a big spot haunted the luminary in 1779, and in 1840, Schwabe tracked another which returned not less than eight times.

But passing over sundry other features in their character, there is one circumstance connected with the spots which is extremely important. It could not fail to be remarked that there were seasons in which they were abundant, and seasons in which they were scarce. Certain years have passed without a single speck being discovered, or at least recorded. By and by the question was asked, whether there could be anything periodic in their proceedings? Continuous study of their habits eventually showed that there was a regular cycle, and Herr Schwabe ascertained that for about five years they increased in number, whilst for about five years more they gradually declined. Wolf availing himself of still more extended observations, decided that this cycle occupied 11.11 years.

A still more surprising coincidence was detected. The intensity of the earth's magnetism, as expressed in the variations of the magnetic needle, is subject to a periodic increase and diminution. Curious to say, this also is comprehended within a cycle of ten or eleven years; indeed, the two terms appear to be nearly, if not wholly coincident. But does this correspondence in action imply connection in cause? One circumstance seems to point to such a conclusion. It is that the periods of maxima and minima in the two cases are in exact accordance. It has been said, also, that "magnetic storms" occur with greater frequency about every ten years, and at such seasons spots may be seen developing themselves in the sun, and changing their size and character with unusual rapidity, as if to show that the sympathy extended to the most temporary fluctuations.

Again, it was suspected by the elder Herschel that the heat received from the sun was greatest when the patches were most numerous; and, as some test of the accuracy of this surmise, he compared the price of wheat on our earth for a certain time previously with the state of affairs on the surface of the sun. Corn fell here (so he thought) as the spots rose there. Dr. Wolf also inferred from his observations that the driest and most prolific years on our planet coincided with those in which the sun's counte-

* Philosophical Transactions, vol. 64, p. 329.

† "Comptes Rendus," vol. 67, p. 90.

nance had been most profusely speckled. Arago, Barratt, and Gautier, however, have arrived at a contrary conclusion.

But this is not all. Other periods of variation have also been inferred, if not determined. Wolf discovered a large cycle of 55 years, a smaller epoch of 233 days, and then a tiny term of 27 days, which virtually synchronizes with the sun's rotation on its axis. Another of 584 days will presently be mentioned.

Assuming the fact of periodicity then to be established in reference to the spots, we have to seek for some cause which operates with regularly varying power. Nothing can be more uniform in their play than the tides upon our globe, but these heavings of the ocean are due to a force from without. Can it be that the blemishes on the sun are the results of some external instead of some domestic agency? Possibly the planets may be the disturbers of its peace? De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy have elaborately investigated this question, and indicated a connection between the nearer planets and the solar spots. Finding, from certain data, that it was necessary to assume the existence of some travelling influence which returned to the same position with reference to the earth in a period of about twenty months, the mean being 584 days, Venus at once stood detected. That was her synodical time. Her bulk and proximity to the sun would of course give her considerable power over Phœbus. Jupiter is more distant, but his mass is very much larger, and he, too, meddles with the solar affairs, though, not apparently, in a predominant fashion. Naturally enough, too, it might be expected that Mercury, diminutive as he is, would claim his share of influence in virtue of his near relationship to the Head of the system. Accordingly it was found, that when Venus and Mercury were together in the heavens, there was evidence of a decided excess of action, as compared with the seasons when the two were estranged. It was also ascertained that, when Venus, and probably Jupiter, crossed the solar equator, the spots were drawn towards that region, but when the planet attained its greatest (heliographical) latitude, their tendency was to spread out in a polar direction. Could these bodies act by intercepting the hail of meteors to which reference has been made, thus leaving blank or dark places where no fuel was supplied?

In a paper in the "American Philosophical Transactions," Dr. Kirkwood* has re-

cently discussed this doctrine of planetary influence, and finds it necessary to insert the following proviso, namely, that a particular part of the solar surface should be considered more sensitive to foreign force than others. Granting this condition, he thinks it unquestionable that the sun-spots are ruled in their behaviour by the configurations of the nearer planets. To Mercury he ascribes the chief honour of managing the 11-year cycle; the 56-year period is due to the combined action of Mercury and the earth, whilst the 233-days' epoch is in significant accordance with the conjunctions of Venus and Jupiter.

"We do not, of course," say Messrs. De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy, "imagine that we have as yet determined the nature of the influence by these planets on the sun; but we would nevertheless, refer to an opinion expressed by Professor Tait, 'that the properties of a body, especially those with respect to heat and light, may be influenced by the neighbourhood of a large body.' Now an influence of this kind would naturally be most powerful upon a body such as the sun, which possesses a very high temperature, just as a poker thrust into a hot furnace will create a greater disturbance of the heat than if thrust into a chamber very little hotter than itself. In the next place, it is not to be inferred that the mechanical equivalent of the energy exhibited in sun-spots is derived from the influencing planet, any more than it is to be inferred that the energy of a cannon-ball is derived from the force with which the trigger is pulled.

"The molecular state of the sun, just as that of the cannon, or of fulminating powder, may be extremely sensitive to impressions from without; indeed, we have independent grounds for supposing that such is the case. We may infer from certain experiments, especially those of Cagniard de Latour, that at a very high temperature, and under a very great pressure, the latent heat of vaporization is very small, so that a comparatively small increment of heat will cause a considerable mass of liquid to assume the gaseous form, and *vice versa*. We may thus very well suppose that an extremely small withdrawal of heat from the sun might cause a copious condensation, and this change of molecular state would, of course, by means of altered reflection, &c., alter to a considerable extent the distribution over the various particles of the sun's surface of an enormous quantity of heat, and great mechanical changes might very easily result."*

What, then, do these spots indicate? According to some early theorists, they

success of this able and well-edited Journal, which posts up the science of the day promptly, and promises to be of signal service both to students and savans.

* See a notice of Dr. Kirkwood's Paper in "NATURE," (13th January, 1870). We gladly seize this opportunity of expressing our good wishes for the

* "Researches on Solar Physics." Second Series, p. 46.

consist of smoke hovering in the sun's atmosphere, or of scum and scoræ swimming at the surface of his ocean, like the refuse in a furnace of molten metal. In the opinion of others, great volcanoes lay concealed at the bottom of the shining sea, and these, ever and anon, cast up masses of "bituminous matter," which appeared to us as specks, but might be compared to temporary islands, like that of Santorin, except that they wasted more rapidly away; whilst others again imagined that the maculæ were projecting parts of the solar globe left dry and exposed by the retreat or withdrawal of the luminous substance for the time, in consequence of a species of tidal action.

Far more plausible, however, was the view propounded by Dr. Alexander Wilson, of Glasgow, about the year 1774. His idea was that spots were "immense excavations in the body of the sun," some of them two, three or four thousand miles in depth, and that the dark part was the floor of the hollow, whilst the shaded portion represented its sloping sides. This conclusion was deduced from the fact that when an emergent specimen presented itself on the border of the disc, the further side of the penumbra was the first to become visible, then the nucleus, and afterwards the nearer side of the penumbra. On retiring from view these phases were reversed. There could scarcely be but one explanation. A funnel let into a sphere revolving under similar circumstances would exhibit similar results; a cone or projecting body certainly would not. In the theory as revised by Sir W. Herschel, the penumbra was attributed to a cloudy stratum in the sun's envelope, which reflected the light of the luminous stratum above, while the solid body of the orb, shaded by clouds, reflected little or none. And in some shape or another this notion that the spots are temporary rents or pits in the solar atmospheres has proved the most popular hypothesis of all. Unfortunately for Wilson's views, he held that the nucleus of the orb, visible through the chasm, was dark and cool, whereas that searcher of suns, the spectroscope, seems to point to the conclusion that it must be a ball of intensely heated matter.

So recently, however, as the year 1866, Professor Challis, writing on the subject of the solar atmosphere, suggested, that possibly the spots might, after all, be clouds of aqueous texture, in which case the coalescence of their globules would produce genuine raindrops. The obvious difficulty arising from the sun's elevated temperature was cleverly evaded, indeed utilized, by assuming that the excessive heat would raise

the vapour in the form of steam, and that its particles would affect that well-known "spheroidal" state, in which attraction and repulsion are so critically adjusted; moreover, the existence of an ocean—a solar Atlantic—as the necessary source of this vapour, was also deemed practicable, seeing that the enormous pressure of the atmosphere would keep the fluid from flying off unless heated far beyond our terrestrial boiling-point. But vapour so formed must, sooner or later, descend. It would do so in the shape of rain, and, where a copious downfall occurred, there spots might be supposed to appear. Since, however, recent spectroscopic research, as M. Janssen shows, seems to negative the existence of aqueous matter in the solar envelope, it would be premature to assert that our luminary is a place for simmering seas and scalding showers.

On the other hand, Kirchhoff, who takes his stand upon a nucleus heated white hot, intimates that a spot may be an agglomeration of gaseous matter—a chemical cloud—formed in the lower part of the atmosphere in consequence of some diminution of temperature in the underlying portions of the sun's surface. This cloud, intercepting the flow of heat from beneath, would lead to the production of another, more shadowy in its structure, at a much higher point in the envelope; the latter constituting the penumbra, the former the core of the spot.

Dissatisfied with all previous solutions, M. Faye propounds another. The sun has no solid nucleus; it is gaseous to its centre. Owing to the heat garnered up in the interior, the forces of affinity and cohesion cannot operate freely there, but at the surface it is probable they will come into liberal play. Hence condensation, and afterwards precipitation, will ensue. A series of ascending and descending currents will be produced, the object being to transfer heat from the central reservoir of caloric to the radiating regions above. Where the upward currents prevail at the moment the luminous substance of the photosphere will be temporarily dispersed, and the observer looking down through the aperture thus produced, will see the gaseous core, dark and opaque to all appearance, not because it is cold, but because, even if heated to incandescence, its radiating faculties are too slight to render it visible when contrasted with the resplendent material by which it is surrounded.

Now, to say nothing of the inadequacy of this theory on various grounds—failing, as it does for instance, to meet the exigencies of perspective, for the nucleus should

be as visible near the border as the penumbra — it seems to blow hot and cold with the same breath; for it is difficult to conceive of a gaseous nucleus so highly heated that the photosphere is comparatively cool, and yet so dark that the latter is infinitely more brilliant.

With our limited knowledge, however, of the sun's constitution, it would be premature to speak with any confidence as to the cause of these interesting phenomena. Much must of course depend upon the final decision (if finality can ever be reached on such a point), as to the nature of the solar envelopes. In a globe so highly heated as the sun's nucleus is presumed to be, and surrounded as it probably is by atmospheres of such extent and complexity, it is certain that great disturbances must continually arise. Whatever may be the mode in which the wonderful expenditure of radiant force is regularly balanced, the progress must unquestionably involve much energetic action, and may be accompanied by many violent commotions. To a spectator, looking down upon our planet from a more elevated point than balloon ever reached, a hurricane or tornado, produced by some slight alteration of temperature, or a thunder-storm floating in the lower regions of the air whenever the electrical equilibrium was broken, would appear a very frequent and inevitable exhibition. Even if the most commonplace breezes could be inked or coloured, so as to become visible to such an observer, our atmosphere would seem to be the seat of incessant turmoil. But in an orb where gravity is twenty-eight times as powerful at the surface as it is here, where the pressure of the aerial ocean must be so prodigious, and where yet the temperature of the mass is so elevated, is it any wonder if that gaseous envelope should be the theatre of extensive local perturbations? Now, assuming the existence of an outer atmosphere encompassing the photosphere, and of colder quality than the latter, Messrs. De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy suggest that the spots may be produced by a descending current from the higher regions, which current breaking in upon the photosphere chills or disperses it, and by its absorbent powers drinks up the rays of light, and so presents the spectacle of a dark nucleus. It must be enough simply to indicate this most probable of all explanations, and to point in confirmation to the spiral-shaped patches in which the luminous matter seems to be sucked in and carried down into a gaping vortex, these formations looking pretty much like cross sections of a whirlpool or water-spout, if viewed from above. In-

stances have occurred in which the penumbra appeared to be actually in rotation round the nucleus, and as the spots are evidently excavations or funnel-shaped cavities, the most natural inference seems to be that they are due in the main to some descending force.

But besides the maculæ, the sun's surface sometimes exhibits shining spots known as faculæ. They are more brilliant even than the surrounding luminous matter. That there is some association between these and the black specks is undeniable: frequently they appear on the outer border of the penumbra, and occasionally they take the form of resplendent ridges or ravines converging towards a central gulf. When the ordinary dark spots vanish they are often succeeded by bright ones, and when the faculæ present themselves alone, this circumstance probably indicates that they will shortly be followed by the appearance of some of the black brotherhood on the same site.

There are other curious features also on the sun's countenance. Far from possessing a smooth uniform surface, variegated only with a few beauty-spots, like the ladies of a past generation, his visage is mottled all over in such a way that it has been compared to the dotting or graining of an engraving. "It looks," says Father Secchi, "like a tissue strewn with white points more or less elongated in form and separated by a net-work, at the crossings of which little black holes appear." In the penumbra, these white bodies seem to arrange themselves in lines like filaments converging towards the nucleus, as if striving to shoot across the dark abyss, and then interlacing with each other, as if eager to fill up some gash, or coat over some wound in the photosphere. These peculiar appearances have been compared to rice-grains by Mr. Stone, to chipped blades of straw by Mr. Dawes, and to willow-leaves by Mr. Nasmyth. The latter gentleman even hinted that they might consist of solid bodies; and Sir W. Armstrong, in his address to the British Association at Newcastle (1863), observed: "The forms are so regular in size and shape as to have led to a suggestion from one of our profoundest philosophers of their being organisms, possibly even partaking of the nature of life, but at all events closely connected with the heating and vivifying influences of the sun." Upon the strength of this statement, it was forthwith announced by some imaginative individuals that living beings had been described in the orb, floating like leviathans in a luminous sea, and measuring a thousand

miles in length by a hundred in breadth! Most probably, the peculiarities in question are due in a great measure to the same causes which lead to the production of the spots.

On all these points, however, much uncertainty must exist, for want of a clear knowledge of the sun's atmosphere. Sir William Herschel assumed the existence of two envelopes only; the lower consisting of gaseous matter in a non-luminous state; the upper composed of gaseous matter also, but in a flaming or resplendent condition. It is from this superior layer we derive our light and heat; the other was supposed to shield the surface of the sun from the scorching rays of the photosphere. But a third investing ocean at least must also be admitted. The corona which encompasses the body of the orb during total eclipses, like the glory round the head of old saints, shows that there is an exterior envelope mounted upon the photosphere. Mr. Norman Lockyer also concluded, from his spectroscopic researches, that the "red protuberances" were due to the heaping up of hydrogen gas, which formed a continuous layer round the sun.*

Amongst other interesting questions which have been propounded respecting the sun, it has been asked whether this body does not act as a huge magnet, and produce, in that capacity, all the various magnetic phenomena which are manifest upon our earth?

That the "king of day" plays the part of a great loadstone, and keeps all the planets in charmed subjection to his authority, is of course a very poetical version of things, and many a fanciful mind has conjured up a vision of an orrery moved, or at least maintained, entirely by magnetism. But without displacing the power or principle, whatever it may be, which we call attraction, does the sun, by his direct action, excite those magnetic currents which are perpetually streaming over our planet, or stir up those magnetic storms which sometimes break out suddenly and rage over whole continents, though insensible to our human organs except so far as they are disclosed by the convulsive quiverings of the needle?

This point has been carefully investigated, and the conclusion drawn that such terrestrial disturbances are not caused by varia-

tions in the magnetism of the sun. The mode in which that body affects the magnetic condition of the earth, says Mr. G. Chambers, "is not analogous to the action of a magnet upon a mass of soft iron placed at a great distance from it," but the influences proceeding from the great luminary do so in a "form different from that of magnetic force, and are converted into the latter form of force probably by their action upon the matter of the earth or its atmosphere." And this conclusion is confirmed by Professor W. Thompson, who says that no effect of the sun's action as a magnet is sensible at the earth.*

Upon another point connected with the central orb, a very valuable result may be noted. Until recently, if we had asked any school girl what was the distance of the earth from the sun, she would have answered, with the confidence of an itinerant lecturer on the universe, and with the promptitude of a flash of lightning, "95,000,000 of miles." This, in her case, would have been one of the principal fruits of the charge of so many guineas per annum for the use of the globes. If the same question had been propounded to a philosopher, he would have returned the same reply, with a hint as to some odd fractional miles, but with a caution that the calculation was only provisional, and must be taken, like a merchant's account, with a clause of "errors excepted." Putting the matter in professional language, he would have intimated that the sun's parallax (or the angle subtended by the earth's radius when seen from the sun) was set down as something more than eight seconds and a-half ($8''\cdot57$), but that there were grounds for supposing that it really amounted to nearly nine seconds ($8''\cdot95$). The difference between these two estimates would bring our globe between three and four millions of miles nearer to the Giver of Light. Now, the peculiarity of the case is, that astronomers have arrived at this amended result by separate routes, and for the most part without any definite expectation of correcting the error in question. When experimenting, for instance, upon the velocity of light, Foucault found that its accredited speed must be lowered, and this rendered it necessary to reduce the distance of the sun by the amount just mentioned. In studying the moon's motions, Hansen showed that the disturbing influ-

* In a paper in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1859 (Part 159), Mr. Lockyer has very handsomely disclaimed the honour of being the first to announce the continuous character of the envelope known as the chromosphere, and has assigned to Professor Grant, Professor Swan, M. Lials, and others, their share in the merit of this discovery.

* "Philosophical Transactions," vol. ciii. p. 608, Mr. G. Chambers on "The Nature of the Sun's Magnetic Action upon the Earth." The reader will doubtless perceive that the question here raised is not as to the influence which the orb exerts upon our magnetism by means of its heat or otherwise, but whether it operates as a great loadstone simply.

ence of the sun upon our satellite must be revised to an extent which would involve an alteration to nearly the same amount. The planet Mars has been called upon to furnish further evidence, and Venus, on whose testimony philosophers long relied, has again been put into the witness-box, and agrees with the other deponents almost to the letter. It was, in fact, upon her depositions, taken on the occurrence of the celebrated transit of 1769, when commissioners were sent to examine her in the southern hemisphere, that the standard valuation of the sun's distance was based; and when Mr. Stone went over the calculations, the rectified result indicated a parallax of $8''.9$, instead of the old one of $8''.57$. From this striking coincidence, it may be safely assumed that the distance of the sun from the earth is little more than ninety-one millions of miles (91,300,000, in reality); and when we consider how much astronomical science depends upon the accuracy of its data, it will be admitted that the elucidation of this point by methods so thoroughly independent is a curious as well as a creditable feature in the doings of the age.

But whilst the relative distance of the two globes is preserved, it must not be forgotten that the sun is ever in progressive motion through the heavens, as if he were bent upon some errand of life or death. That he — lord, as he is, of the system — should be subject to the same law of axial rotation as his satellites, may excite no surprise; but that he should be posting headlong through space, encircled by a troop of worlds, some with their worldlings around them, and all engaged in performing their mazy evolutions, is a conception which the mind cannot readily realize. Still more, if all the orbs which we have been accustomed to regard as "fixed in their everlasting seats," should partake of the same erratic habits, can we repress the thought that, wide as the celestial plains may be, and spacious as they may appear for purposes of parade merely, yet sooner or later, fearful collisions must ensue, if the whole starry host is perpetually on the wing? Now, theoretically, a movement of translation in space may be inferred from the fact that the sun possesses a movement of rotation. Practically, the question has been put upon a footing of reasonable certainty by Sir W. Herschel, Argelander, Struve, Mädler, and others. Broadly stated, the principle upon which the inquiry was based by the first of these philosophers is familiar to every town pedestrian in the lamps in the streets, and to every country traveller in the trees of an avenue, or the telegraph posts on a railway.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XVII. 352

These objects, as we approach them, appear to recede from each other — as we retire, to run together into a cluster. Upon the supposition of the sun's motion there must, therefore, be some quarter in the heavens where the stars will seem to be opening out their ranks, and to this we must consequently be speeding; whilst in the opposite region the reverse effect will appear; for there the bright ones will seem to be closing up their array. Such a region was found. Out of fifty-six stars examined by Sir W. Herschel, forty-four showed an apparent proper motion, which could only be explained on the assumption that the sun was journeying towards a given point (γ) in the constellation Hercules. Subsequent researches have placed the fact of a translatory movement beyond dispute. This splendid gallop is conducted at the rate of nearly five miles per second, or 18,000 per hour!

But to what end? This question involves another. Is the orb travelling in a straight line, or in a curve of prodigious sweep? Is his motion the result of some primitive impulse, or of the combined attraction of the celestial bodies, or of a resistless summons from some distant master-masses; or is the entire host of heaven in ceaseless circuit around some mysterious centre of gravity? For it is an obvious inference that if our sun is thus in movement, the other stars may be nomadic as well. Indeed, the spectroscopic determination of the flight of Sirius by Mr. Huggins affords positive demonstration on this point. But to say whether the path of the sun is rectilinear or orbital surpasses the present powers of the astronomer. Not that it is necessary to assume in the latter case the existence of any central body of surpassing bulk and dignity. The exact point round which millions of stars may revolve may not only be destitute of all signs of imperial importance, but it may not even be indicated by a single handful of matter. Nature does not always set up a memorial to indicate the spots where the most momentous actions are performed; the earth's surface is not pierced by any visible object where the axle of rotation might be supposed to protrude; nor is there any external peculiarity to denote the places where the magnetic poles are to be found; and as little is there any furrow or ridge in the ocean to represent the equatorial belt which divides the two hemispheres.

This focal point, however (if such it be), was considered by Struve to lie between the stars π and μ in the group Hercules: Argelander fixed upon Perseus as the empire-constellation of our astral system,

whilst Mädler hoisted the royal standard upon the most brilliant of the Pleiads, Alcyone. Here, then, is one of those stupendous facts which seem every now and then to drop down upon us from the firmament with such overpowering effect. Nothing can appear more placid and motionless than yonder silent stars. Let the astronomer gaze at them till he grows grey, and yet he can detect no symptom of disorder in their ranks. But this vast army of worlds is perpetually on the march, its shining battalions never bivouacking for a single night, but steadily pursuing their way across the celestial fields, without waking a single echo throughout the universe.

But, figuratively speaking, there is a dark side as well as a bright side to the sun. The very properties which enable it to fill our planet with life appear to deprive it of the privilege of cherishing life upon its own surface. Since spectroscopic research has shown that the body of the orb may be charged with heat of extreme ferocity, it is impossible that organized creatures, even of the most salamandrine qualities, could breathe its scorching atmosphere, or tread its burning marl. It is precisely this hypothesis of an obscure and unheated nucleus, says Mr. Guillemin, which is no longer admissible.

"L'interposition d'un écran opaque ou d'une d'un tres-faible pouvoir absorbant pour la lumière et la chaleur, a supposer que l'existence en soit demontree ne prouverait qu'une chose, a savoir, que la noyau interieur ne s'echauffe point par rayonnement. Mais du moment que la photosphere est en contact avec la couche de nuages des penombres elle lui communique forcément sa chaleur par voie de conductibilité; l'enveloppant de toutes parts, elle l'echauffe a la fois par tous les points de sa surface et l'on comprend que le pouvoir de conductibilité fut-il tres-faible a la longue l'équilibre de temperature ne peut être moindre que celle de la fusion. Les gaz sont de tres-mauvais conducteurs de la chaleur, il est vrai; mais leur conductibilité n'est pas nulle, et en accumulant les siecles on comprend qu'un certain équilibre s'établisse, par cette seule voie, entre la photosphere et le noyau. N'oublions pas d'ailleurs que les masses gazeuses s'echauffent par convection ou transport, et qu'a moins de supposer l'immobilité dans les couches sous-jacentes la chaleur doit se propager avec rapidité. Or les phenomenes des taches, leurs transformations rapides, les mouvements que ces transformations supposent, soit dans les couches de la photosphere soit dans les couches plus profondes, mettent hors de doute, selon nous, la realité d'un melange incessant de ces couches diverses, et par suite d'un échange continu de la chaleur dont elles sont douées. Il est donc tout a fait probable que le globe entier

du soleil est a une tres haute temperature dans toute sa masse, a une temperature qui depasse celle de la fusion de la plupart des corps simples dont l'analyse spectrale a revele l'existence dans son atmosphere."

In the fact, therefore, of a glowing nucleus, many a fine philosophical dream has received its death-blow. More than one speculator has calculated the prodigious population which our sun could accommodate, and has pictured to himself the wonderful activities of which that globe must be the scene, if everything there were conducted upon a scale of metropolitan magnificence. And verily there are men to whom it will seem a discredit to the system that its noblest orb should be a desert, so far as life is concerned, that its central mass, surpassing in volume the entire troop of planets and satellites not less than 600 times, should be incapable of harbouring any manifestation of that great property which is the glory of our nether world. Let not such good souls despair, however. The sun's turn will doubtless come. Its first forms of life have yet to be born, but the birthday of organization will assuredly arrive; and when its little Oldhamia or Lingula, or whatever character its opening animal productions may assume, shall creep into existence, there will doubtless be great rejoicing amongst the sons of the morning.

Upon what premises, however, can we base such a presumptuous speculation? Chiefly upon the fact that the system exhibits bodies in different stages of development. Take our own globe, for example. It is clear, from the story told by its rocks, and in particular from the igneous character of those which have been ejected from below, that our earth was once in a state of intense heat, as its core may be to the present hour; that it was shrouded in a dense atmosphere of vapour and aerial fluids, and that consequently it was utterly unfit to accommodate the organisms which now swarm upon its surface. It was then, we may assume, what the sun is now. But having cooled down more rapidly than the latter, as it necessarily would—having passed through fire and water, in its stormy apprenticeship, and eventually acquired a firm consolidated crust—it opened its doors to life, and creatures came tramping in as they did into the diluvial ark. So it may fare with the solar orb. Finding as we do the same elementary substances there as here, and compelled as we are to believe from the movements of the whole system in one plane and one direction, that there has been a unity of origin and of primitive experience, if we may so speak, it is difficult to suppose that pro-

cesses which have transpired, or are transpiring in one member of the family may not apply to the rest. The moon, so far as observation extends, is an untenanted orb. In all probability its inherited caloric has been mostly expended, or at least the superficial portion has been dissipated, and the residue lies hid in its interior. Consequently its day of life may have closed, and our beautiful satellite may be but a shining sepulchre and a worn-out world. Perhaps it was only an ephemeron amongst stars? Our turn, also, may come; and when life is waking up in the sun it may be dying out on the earth. Let us not, however, think dolefully of the universe, if we find proofs of change or even symptoms of "decay," for in nature nothing is lost, and life is ever born of death. True Science, like true Philosophy, always gives us more than she takes; and with the same breath that she tells us worlds may cease to palpitate, she tells us also that the forces which gave them all their vitality can never be crushed into nothingness except by the hand of Him from whom they emanated.

There are several other points connected with this "soul of surrounding worlds" upon which it would have been pleasant to touch, but narrowing space warns us to conclude, particularly as we devoted some attention to solar phenomena in a recent article on the Language of Light. Before parting, however, from the great luminary, we cannot forbear to remind the reader that we are indebted to this generous orb for light by night as well as by day, for warmth within doors as well as without. We are accustomed to speak of the sun's light and heat as forces actually garnered up in the vegetation of ancient epochs. We look upon our coal strata as cellars in which sunbeams have been locked up for unnumbered ages, in order that they might ultimately be reissued for the benefit of the intelligent tenantry for whom the world was intended. In a certain qualified sense this is perfectly true: coal is unquestionably invested sunshine. The gentle warmth we draw from our domestic fires, the fiercer heat which cooks our food or melts our metals, are the product of the sun's energy exercised upon the earth during some of those silent centuries when the globe was in preparation for man. Strolling through a town lit up by innumerable lamps, or whirled along at the heels of a locomotive, it is a pleasant thought that the emanations of suns which rose and set millions of years ago — which rose and set in seeming idleness, and to all appearance in wasted splendour — are now reproduced to enable us to

cope with darkness, or to conquer space without moving a muscle. There is something captivating in the thought that the great *rector mundi* was working for us when as yet there was no sign of man — indeed, no promise of his coming, and with quiet patient labour laying up from day to day those treasures of light and heat which are infinitely more valuable to us than all the gold and diamonds we possess. No one who has studied geological processes can repress a feeling of surprise, perhaps of impatience, at the slow deliberate step with which Nature ever marches up to her goal; but when we think of the sun toiling in lonely splendour to store our planet with fuel — we had almost said with his own embodied beams — it seems to reconcile us in some degree to the august and awful chronology of the universe.

A passing analogy may not be unacceptable. If, in a modified sense, the light of ancient suns may be hoarded up for ages, so may the odour of ancient seas. Some years ago, a writer pointed out to the Academy of Sciences at Paris that the shells of the *teredo* found in the fossil-wood about Brussels gave out when scratched, or when newly extracted from the soil, a strong scent of the ocean. But of what ocean? Clearly of one on which no human sail had ever been spread, for it belonged to the distant æocene era. After countless centuries had elapsed, the subtle aroma of that prehistoric sea was released from its imprisonment, and played upon nostrils fashioned in this our nineteenth century, as if it were the perfume of a flower plucked yesterday. It brings the ages together to find that from a fossil comes forth fragrance which has been impounded for millions of years, and that from our coal measures we can draw matter which may be called the solidified sunshine of the world's youth.

In conclusion, let us add that the greatest of physical paradoxes is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall more softly and more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary — not even the feathery flakes of snow which thread their way through the atmosphere, as if they were too filmy to yield to the demands of gravity like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest sigh would set it into tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs — the apple of the eye — though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands

of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, and "blesses the useful light." Yet a few of those rays, insinuating themselves into a mass of iron like the Britannia Tubular Bridge, will compel the closely-knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would stir a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snow upon the hills or in fattening showers upon the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine

at one place than another, and out of it springs the tempest or the hurricane, which desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is, that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful, and so unpretentious a guise. It is as great a wonder as if the cannon-balls which were to batter down a fortress danced through the air on their mission of death, like motes in the sunbeam, or as if Shrapnell shells were bred in the atmosphere like drops of dew, and demeaned themselves as meekly too, until they exploded.

THE HANDWRITING OF SOVEREIGNS. — How characteristic is hand-writing may be satisfactorily proved by spending a few spare hours in the British Museum, scanning the autographs even of sovereigns. The mind guides the pen in its mission of thought-fixing; therefore it is not at all to be wondered at should the depth or shallowness, nobility or commonality, of intellect and the passions be by such means portrayed. Look at the signature of Queen Elizabeth — stately, tall, and queen-like; commanding and imperious, but defaced with ignoble and trivial flourishes — a combination of severity, vanity, and power. As her actions, so her handwriting at different periods varied considerably: at one time, clear, vigorous, and sensible; at another, flaunting and puerile. That of Henry VII. is cold and formal; an attempt at stateliness, but with puerile adjuncts bespeaking great feebleness. Henry VIII. writes with strength and self-will, with concentration, but no display. His signature, Henry, "H. T." (Henry Tudor), shows him to have been explicit, not shrinking from the slight trouble of the repetition, and one who would have said, "There was no mistake, there is no mistake, there shall be no mistake." Strenuous to a degree in making things sure, apparent not only in his treatment of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," but in all other affairs connected with his life. The handwriting of Richard III. is like a charge of cavalry, cutting right and left, with an occasional strong thrust of a lance through his lines. Reckless, vigorous, and dashing; fearless, headstrong, and unscrupulous. Anne Boleyn wrote a steady, composed hand, with some force and elegance, while pedantic and persistent, with much cold persevering energy, is the writing of her more fortunate successor, Catherine Parr. Clearness of type and unobtrusive firmness does Mary Queen of Scots display in her plain but elegant signature. That of Edward VI. was one of laborious pedantry, much resembling the early writing of James I. In later years, how-

ever, after his succession to the English throne, the penmanship of this king expanded into an easier and more gentleman-like style. In the erasures and interlineations the indecision of his character is shown, especially in that disgraceful letter to the Duke of Buckingham, dated 1623, more like an epistle of a lover to his mistress than the production of a king. To this letter he prays the duke, "for God's sake," never to refer, begging him in no way to make it public. Now, alas! in the British Museum, among the Lansdown MS., it may be perused by all. Charles I. wrote like a gentleman; and his son, Charles II., like a very easy gentleman, such as he was. A perfect specimen of facility, with considerable elegance, is the writing of the latter; the manner in which he threatens to put forth his whole regal authority, with the direst hope of vengeance in another world (entirely in the style of a lady of the bedchamber) is a curious portrait of the man. James II. is cold and gentleman-like, too good a hand for so bigoted a prince. But above all signatures that we have scanned is that of Cromwell for grand composure and firmness of purpose, no hesitation being visible, not even in the name affixed to the death-warrant of the Stuart king. Motherly common-place is the writing of Queen Anne. That of George I. is manly and firm, though somewhat coarse; in the other Georges it is similar in character, but with more refinement.

Club Magazine.

DURING the recent discussion on Easter Island at the Royal Geographical Society, it was stated that the layers of guano could be traced and the deposit of each twenty-four hours distinguished. It was calculated that it must have taken 4,000 years to form the 20 feet deposits on the China Islands.

PART VI.
CHAPTER XVII.

FOR some days after the fire, John continued in a sadly uncomfortable state both of body and mind. The two, indeed, were not dissimilar. He was much burnt, though superficially, and suffered double pangs from the stinging, gnawing, unrelaxing pain. His spirit was burnt too—scorched by sudden flames; stiff and sore all over, like his limbs, with points of exaggerated suffering here and there,—a thing he could not take his thoughts from, nor try to forget. He was very unmanageable by his attendants, was with difficulty persuaded to obey the doctor's prescriptions, and absolutely refused to lay himself up. "The end'll be as you'll kill yourself, sir, and that you'll see," said his landlady. "Not much matter either," John murmured between his teeth. He was smarting all over, as the poor moth is which flies into the candle. It does the same thing over again next minute, no doubt; and so, probably, would he; but in the meantime he suffered much both in body and mind. He would not keep in bed, or even in-doors, notwithstanding the doctor's orders; and it was only downright incapacity that kept him from appearing in the temporary offices which had been arranged for the business of the bank. Mr. Crediton had come in from Fernwood at once to look after matters; but on that day John was really ill, and so had escaped the visit which otherwise would have been inevitable. Mr. Whichelo came that evening to bring his principal's regrets. "He was very much cut up about not seeing you," said the head-clerk. "You know your own affairs best, and I don't wish to be intrusive; but I think you would find it work better not to keep him at such a distance."

"I keep Mr. Crediton at a distance!" said John, with a grimace of pain.

"You do, Mr. Mitford. I don't say he is always what he might be expected to be; but, anyhow, no advances come from your side."

"It is not from my side advances should come," John said, turning his face to the wall with an obstinacy which was almost sullen; while at the same time he said to himself at the bottom of his heart, What does it matter? These were but the merest outward details. The real question was very different. Did a woman know what love meant?—was it anything but a diversion to her—an amusement? was what he was asking himself; while a man, on the other hand, might give up his life for it, and annul himself, all for a passing smile—a

smile that was quite as bright to the next comer. Such thoughts were thorns in John's pillow as he tossed and groaned. They burned and gnawed at his heart worse than his outward wounds; and there were no cool applications which could be made to them. He did not want to be spoken to, nor to have even the friendliest light thrown upon the workings of his mind. To be let alone—to be left to make the best of it—to be allowed to resume his work quietly, and go and come, and wait until the problem had been solved for him, or until he himself had solved it,—it seemed to John that he wished for nothing more.

"That may be," said Mr. Whichelo; "but all the same you don't take much pains to conciliate him—though that is not my business. A man who has had a number of us round him all his life always anxious to conciliate—as good men as himself any day," the head-clerk added, with some heat, "but still in a measure dependent upon his will for our bread—it takes a strong head to stand such a strain, Mr. Mitford. An employer is pretty near a despot, unless he's a very good man. I don't want to say a word against Mr. Crediton—"

"It will be better not," said John, with another revulsion of feeling, not indisposed to knock the man down who ventured to thrust in his opinion between Kate's father and himself; and Mr. Whichelo for the moment was silent, with a half-alarm sense of having gone too far.

"He is very grateful to you for your promptitude and energy," he continued: "but for you these papers must have been lost. It would have been my fault," said Mr. Whichelo, with animation, yet in a low tone. There was even emotion in his words, and something like a tear in his eye. If he had been a great general or a distinguished artist, his professional reputation could not have been more precious to him. But John was preoccupied, and paid no attention. He did not care for having saved Mr. Whichelo's character any more than Mr. Crediton's money, though he had, indeed, risked his life to do it. He was in such a mood that to risk his life was rather agreeable to him than otherwise, not for any "good motive," but simply as he would have thrust his burnt leg or arm into cold water for the momentary relief of his pain.

"Don't let us talk any more about it," he said; "they are safe, I suppose, and there is an end of it. But how I got out of that place," he added, turning himself once more impatiently on his uneasy bed, "is a mystery to me."

"You have your friend to thank for that," said his companion, with the sense that now at last a topic had been found on which it would be safe to speak.

"My — what?" cried John, sitting suddenly upright in his bed.

"Your — friend, — the gentleman who was with you. Good God! this is the worst of all," cried poor Whichelo, driven to his wit's end.

And, indeed, for a minute John's expression was that of a demon. He had some cuts on his forehead, which were covered with plaster; he was excessively pale; one of his arms was bandaged up; and when you have added to all these not beautifying circumstances the dim light thrown upon the bed under its shabby curtains, and the look of horror, dismay, and rage which passed over the unhappy young fellow's face, poor Mr. Whichelo's consternation may be understood. "My — friend!" he repeated, with a groan. He could not himself have given any reason for it; but it seemed at the moment to be the last and finishing blow.

"Yes," said Mr. Whichelo, "so they told me. He found you lying in the passage with the engines playing upon you, and dragged you out. It was very lucky for you he was there."

John fell back in his bed with a look of utter weariness and lassitude. "It doesn't matter," he said. "But is anybody such a fool as to think that I should have died with the engines playing on me? Nonsense. He need not have been so confoundedly officious: but it don't matter, I tell you," he added, angrily; "don't speak of it any more."

"My dear Mr. Mitford," said Mr. Whichelo, "I don't wish to interfere; but I am the father of a family myself, with grown-up sons, and I don't like to see a young man give way to wrong feeling. The gentleman did a most friendly action. I don't know, I am sure, if you would have died — but — he meant well, there can be no doubt of that."

"Confound him!" said John between his closed teeth. Mr. Whichelo was glad he could not quite hear what it was; perhaps, however, he expected something worse than "confound him" — for a sense of horror crept over him, and he was very thankful that he had no closer interest in this impatient young man than mere acquaintance — a man who was going in for the Church! he said to himself. He sat silent for a little, and then got up and took his hat.

"I hear you have to be kept very quiet,"

he said; "and as it is late, I will take my leave. Good evening, Mr. Mitford; I hope you will have a good night; and if I can be of any use —"

"Good-night," said John, too much worn to be able to think of politeness. And when Mr. Whichelo was gone the doctor came, who gave him a great deal of suffering by way of relieving him. He bore it all in silence, having plenty of distraction afforded him by his thoughts, which were bitter enough. "Doctor," he said, sitting up all at once while his injured arm was being bandaged, "answer me one question: I hear I was found lying somewhere with the engines playing on me; could I have died like that?"

"You might — in time," said the doctor, with a smile, "but not just for as long as the fire lasted; unless you had taken cold, which you don't appear to have done, better luck."

"But there was no other danger?"

"You could not have been burnt alive with the engines playing on you," said the doctor. "Yes, of course there was danger: the roof might have fallen in, which it did not — thanks, I believe, to your promptitude; or even if the partition had come down upon you, it would have been far from pleasant; but I should think you have had quite enough of it as it is."

"I want to make sure," said the patient, with incomprehensible eagerness, "not for my own sake — but — there never was any real danger? you can tell me that."

"One can never say as much," was the answer. "I should not myself like to lie insensible in a burning house, close to a partition which fell eventually. At the least you might have been crippled and disfigured for life."

A groan burst from John's breast when he found himself alone on that weary lingering night. How long it seemed! — years almost since the excitement of the fire which had sustained him for the moment, though he was not aware of it. He put his hand up to his eyes, and found that there were tears in them, and despised himself, which added another thorn to his pillow. He had nobody to console him; nobody to keep him from brooding over the sudden misery. Was it a fit revenge of fate upon him for his feeling of right in regard to Kate? He had felt that he had a right to her because he had saved her life. Was it possible that he had taken an ungenerous advantage of that? He went back over the whole matter, and he said to himself that, had he loved a girl so much out of his sphere, without this claim upon her, he would have

smothered his love, and made up his mind from the beginning that it was useless. But the sense that he had saved her life had given him a sense of power—yes, of ungenerous power—over her. And now he himself had fallen into the same subjection. Another man had saved his life; or, at least, was supposed by others, and no doubt would himself believe that he had done so. This thought scorched his heart as the flames had done his body. It caught him like a fiery breath, and shrivelled up his nerves and pulses. Fred Huntley, whom she had taken into her confidence, to whom she had described the state of the affairs between them, whose advice almost she had asked on a matter which never should have been breathed to profane ears—Fred Huntley had saved his life. He groaned in his solitude, and put up his hand to his eyes, and despised himself. "I had better cry over it, like a sick baby," he said to himself, with savage irony; and oh to think that was all, all he could do!

Next morning John insisted on getting up in utter disobedience to his doctor. He had his arm in a sling, but what did that matter? and he had still the plaster on the cuts on his forehead. He tried to read, but that was not possible. He wrote to his mother as best he could with his left hand, telling her there had been a fire, and that he had burned his fingers pulling some papers out of it—"nothing of the least importance," he said. And when he had done that he paused and hesitated. Should he write to Kate? He had not done it for several days past. It was the longest gap that had ever occurred in their correspondence. His heart yearned a little within him notwithstanding all its wounds, and then he flung down the pen and shut himself up. Why should he write? She must have heard all about it from Fred Huntley and from her father. She had heard, no doubt, that Fred had saved his life—and she had taken no notice. Why should she take any notice? It did not humiliate a woman to be under such an obligation, but it did humiliate a man. John rose and stalked about his little room, which scarcely left him space enough for four steps from end to end. He stared out hopelessly at the window which looked into the little humble suburban street with its tiny gardens; and then he went and stared into the little glass over the mantelpiece, which was scarcely tall enough to reflect him unless he stooped. A pretty sight he was to look at; three lines of plaster on his forehead, marks of scorching on his cheek, dark lines of pain under his eyes, and the restless, anxious,

uneasy expression of extreme suffering on his scarred face. He was not an Adonis at the best, poor John, and he was conscious of it. What was there in him that she should care for him? She had been overborne by his claim of right over her. It had been ungenerous of him; he had put forth a plea which never ought to be urged, and which another man now had the right of urging over himself. With a groan of renewed anguish John threw himself down on the little sofa, and leaned his head and his folded arms on the table at which he had been writing his mother's letter. He had nothing to fall back upon: all his life and hopes he had given up for this, and here was what it had come to. He had no capability left in his mind but of despair.

It was, no doubt, because he was so absorbed in his own feelings and unconscious of what was passing, that he heard nothing of any arrival at the door. He scarcely raised his head when the door of his own little sitting-room was opened. "I want nothing, thanks," he said, turning his back on his officious landlady, he thought. She must have come into the room more officious than ever, for there was a faint rustling sound of a woman's dress, and the sense of some other persons near him; but John only turned his back the more obstinately. Then all at once there came something that breathed over him like a wind from the south, something made up of soft touch, soft sound, soft breath. "John, my poor John!" said the voice; and the touch was as of two arms going round that poor wounded head of his. It was impossible—it could not be. He suffered his hands to be drawn down from his face, his head to be encircled in the arms, and said to himself that it was a dream. "Am I mad?" he said, half aloud; "am I losing my head?—for I know it cannot be."

"What cannot be? and why should not it be?" said Kate in his ear. "Oh, you unkind, cruel John! Did you want me to break my heart without a word or a message from you? Not even to see papa! not to send me a single line! to leave me to think you were dying or something, and you not even in bed. If I were not so glad, I should be in a dreadful passion. You horrid, cruel, brave, dear old John!"

He did not know what to think or say. All his evil thoughts slid away from him unawares, as the ice melts. There was no reason for it; but the sun had shone on them, and they were gone. He took hold of, and kept fast in his, the hands that had touched his aching head. "I do not think

it is you," he said; "I am afraid to look lest it should not be you."

"I know better than that," said Kate; "it is because you will not let me see your face. Poor dear face!" cried the impulsive girl, and cried a little, and dropped a sudden, soft, momentary kiss upon the scorched cheek. That was her tribute to the solemnity of the occasion. And then she laughed half hysterically. "John, dear, you are so ugly, and I like you so," she said; and sat down by him, and clasped his arm with both her hands. John's heart had melted into the foolishness and tenderness and joy by this time. He was so happy that his very pain seemed to him the tingling of pleasure. "I cannot think it is you," he said, looking down upon her with a fondness which could find no words.

"I have come all this way to see him," she cried, "and evidently now he thinks it is not proper. Look, I have brought Parsons with me. There she is standing in the window all this time, not to intrude upon us. Do you think I am improper now?"

"Hush!" he said, softly; "don't blaspheme yourself. Because I cannot say anything except wonder to feel myself so happy —"

"My poor John, my poor dear old John!" she said, leaning the fairy head against him which ought to have had a crown of stars round it instead of a mite of a bonnet. Kate took no thought of her bonnet at that moment. She sat by his side, and talked and talked, healing his wounds with her soft words. And Parsons drew a chair quietly to her and sat down in the window, turning her back upon the pair. "Lord, if I was to behave like that," Parsons was saying to herself, "and somebody a-looking on!" And she sat and stared out of the window, and attracted a barrel-organ, which came and played before her, with a pair of keen Italian eyes gleaming at her over it from among the black elf-locks. Parsons shook her head at the performer; but her presence was enough for him, and he kept on grinding "*La Donna é Mobile*" slowly and steadily, through her thoughts and through the murmuring conversation of the other two. Neither Kate nor John paid any attention to the music. They had not heard it, they would have said; and yet it was strange how the air would return to both of them in later times.

"I see now you could not write," said Kate; "but still you have scribbled something to your mother. I think I might have had a word too. But I did not come to scold you. Oh, that horrid organ-man, I

wish he would go away! You might have sent me a message by papa."

"I did not see him," said John.

"Or by Fred Huntley. You saw him, for he told me — John! what is the matter? Are you angry? Ought I not to have come?"

Then there was a pause; he had drawn his arm away out of her clasping hands, and all at once the tingling which was like pleasure became pain again, and gnawed and burned him as if in a sudden endeavour to overcome his patience. And yet it was so difficult to look down upon the flushed wondering face, the eyes wide open with surprise, the bewildered look, and remain unkind to her. For it was unkind to pull away the arm which she was clasping with both her hands. He felt himself a barbarian, and yet he could not help it. Huntley's name was like a shot in the heart to him. And the organ went on with its creaks and jerks, playing out its air. "That organ is enough to drive one wild," he said, pettishly, and felt that he had committed himself and was to blame.

"Is it only the organ?" said Kate, relieved. "Yes, is it not dreadful? But I thought you were angry with me. Oh, John, I don't think I could bear it if I thought you were really angry with me."

"My darling! I am a brute," he said, and put the arm which he had drawn so suddenly away round her. He had but one — the other was enveloped in bandages and supported in a sling.

"Does it hurt?" said Kate, laying soft fingers full of healing upon it. "I do so want to hear how it all happened. Tell me how it was. They say the bank might all have been burned down if you had not seen it, and papa would have lost such heaps of money. John, dear, I think you will find papa easier to manage now."

"Do you think so?" he said, with a faint smile; "but that is buying his favour, Kate."

"Never mind how we get it, if we do get it," cried Kate. "I am sure I would do anything to buy his favour — but I cannot go and save his papers and do such things for him. Or, John, was it for me?" she said, lowering her voice, and looking up in his face.

"No, I don't think it was for you," he answered, rather hoarsely; "and it was not for him. I did it because I could not help it, and to escape from myself."

"To escape from yourself! Why did you want that?" she said, with an innocent little cry of astonishment. It was clear she

was quite unaware of having done him any wrong.

"Kate, Kate," he said, holding her close, "you did not mean it; but why did you take Fred Huntley into your confidence—why did you speak to him about you and me?"

She gave him a wondering look, and then the colour rose into her cheek. "John!" she said, in a tone of amazement, "what is this about Fred Huntley? Are you jealous of him—jealous of *him*? Oh, I hope I am not quite so foolish as that."

Was that all she was going to say? No disclaimer of having given him her confidence, nothing about her part in the matter, only about his. Was he jealous? the question sank into John's heart like a stone.

"I don't know if I am jealous," he said, with a falter in his voice, which went to Kate's impressionable heart. "It must be worse to me than it is to you, or you would not ask me. To have said anything to anybody about us, Kate!"

"I see," she said, holding away from him a little; "I see,"—and was silent for two seconds at least, which felt like two hours to them both. And the man went on playing "*La Donna é Mobile*,"—and Parsons, very red in the face, kept shaking her head at him, but did not attempt to leave her post. Then Kate turned and lifted her pretty eyes, full of tears, to her lover's face, and spoke in his very ear. "John, it was very silly of me, and thoughtless, and nasty, I see. But I have had nobody to tell me such things. I have never had a mother like you; I say whatever comes into my head. John! I am so sorry——"

Could he have let her say any more? he ended the sweet confession as lovers use; he held her to him, and healed himself by her touch, by her breath, by the softness of her caressing hands. He forgot everything in the world but that she was there. She had meant no harm, she had thought no harm. It was her innocence, her ignorance, that had led her into this passing error, and foolish John was so happy that all his sufferings passed from his mind.

"His old remembrances went from him wholly. And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy."

Everything smiled and brightened before him; the organ-grinder stopped and found out from poor Parsons's perpetual gesticulations that pennies were not to be expected; and something soft and tranquil and serene seemed to steal into the room and envelop the two, who were betrothing themselves over again, or so they thought. "Papa

says you are to come to Fernwood. You must come and let me nurse you," Kate whispered in his ear. "That would be too sweet," John whispered back again; and then she opened the note to his mother and wrote a little postscript to it, with his arm round her, and his poor scarred face over her shoulder watching every word as she wrote it. "He looks so frightful," Kate wrote, "you never saw any one so hideous, dear mamma, or such a darling [don't shake my arm, John]. I never knew how nice he was, nor how fond I was of him, till now."

This was how the day ended which had begun in such misery; for it was nearly dusk when Kate left him with the faithful Parsons. "Indeed you shall not come with me," she said, "you who ought to be in bed——" but, notwithstanding this protest and all his scars, he went with her till they came within sight of the bank, where the carriage was standing. Of course it did him harm, and the doctor was very angry; but what did John, in the delight of his heart, care for that?

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DAY or two after this visit John found himself at Fernwood.

It was not perhaps a judicious step for any of them. He came still suffering—and, above all, still marked by his sufferings—among a collection of strangers to whom the bank, and the fire, and the value of the papers he had saved, were of the smallest possible consequence, and who were intensely mystified by his heterogeneous position as at once the betrothed of Kate Crediton and a clerk in her father's bank. Then there was a sense of embarrassment between him and Mr. Crediton which it was impossible either to ignore or to make an end of—John had done so much for the man who was so unwilling to grant him anything in return. He had not only saved the banker's daughter, but his papers, perhaps his very habitation, and the bulk of all he had in the world, and Mr. Crediton was confused by such a weight of obligations. "I must take care he don't save my life next," he said to himself; but, notwithstanding this weight of gratitude which he owed, he was not in the least changed in his reluctance to pay. To give his child as salvage-money was a thing he could not bear to think of; and when he looked at John's pale face among the more animated faces round him, Mr. Crediton grew wellnigh spiteful. "That fellow! without an attraction!"—he would say to himself. John was not handsome; he had

little of the ready wit and ready talk of society; he did not distinguish himself socially above other men; he was nobody to speak of—a country clergyman's son without a penny. And yet he was to have Kate! Mr. Crediton asked himself why he had ever consented to it, when he saw John's pale face at his table. He had done it—because Kate had set her heart upon it—because he thought Kate would be fickle and change her mind—because—he could scarcely tell why, but always with the thought that it would come to nothing. He would not allow, when any one asked him, that there was an engagement. "There is some nonsense of the kind," he would say, "boy and girl trash. I take it quietly because I know it never can come to anything. He saved her that time her horse ran away with her, and it is just a piece of romantic gratitude on her part. If I opposed it I should make her twice as determined, and therefore I don't oppose." He had said as much to almost everybody at Fernwood, though neither of the two most immediately concerned had the least idea of it. And this was another reason why the strangers were mystified and could not make out what it meant.

As for Kate, though she had been so anxious for his coming, it cannot be said that it made her very happy; for the first time the complications of the matter reached her. She was not, as when she had been at Fanshawe, a disengaged, young lady able to give up her time to her lover, but, on the contrary, the mistress of the house, with all her guests to look after, and a thousand things to think of. She could not sit and talk with him, or walk with him, as she had done at the Rectory. He could not secure the seat next to her, or keep by her side, as, in other circumstances, it would have been so natural for him to do. He got her left hand at table the first day of his arrival, and was happy, and thought this privilege was always to be his; but, alas! the next day was on the other side, unable so much as to catch a glimpse of her. "I am the lady of the house. I have to be at everybody's beck and call," she said, trying to smooth him down. "On the contrary, you ought to do just what you please," said foolish John; and he wandered about all day seeking opportunities to pounce upon her—for, to be sure, he cared for nobody and nothing at Fernwood but Kate, and he was ill and sensitive, and wanted to be cared for, even petted, if that could have been. He could not go out to ride with the rest of the party on account of his injured hand, but Kate had to go, or thought she must, leaving him alone to seek

what comfort was possible in the library. No doubt it was very selfish of John to wish to keep her back from anything that was a pleasure to her, but then he was an eager, ardent lover, who had been much debarred from her society, and was set on edge by seeing others round her who were more like her than he was. To be left behind, or to find himself shut out all day from so much as a word with her, was one pang; but to find even when he was with her, that he had little to say that interested her, and to see her return to the common crowd as soon as any excuse occurred to make it possible, was far harder and struck more deep. He would sit in a corner of the drawing-room and look and listen while the conversation went on. They talked about the people they knew, the amusements they had been enjoying, the past season and the future one, and a hundred little details which only persons in their own "set" could understand. John himself could have talked such talk in college rooms or the chambers of a friend, but he would have thought it rude to continue when strangers were present; but the fashionable people did not think it rude. And even when he was leaning over her chair whispering to her, he could note that Kate's attention failed, and could see her face brighten and her ear strain to hear some petty joke bandied about among the others. "Was it Mr. Lunday that said that? it is so like him," she said once in the very midst of something he was saying. And poor John's heart sank down—down to his very boots. That he did not himself find any companionship among the fashionable people was of very much less consequence. What did that matter? He had not gone to Fernwood to make fine acquaintances. He had gone to see her—and there was not five minutes in the day when he could have her to himself; and even in these five minutes her attention would go away from him, attracted by some nonsense spoken by some one who was nothing to her, and whose talk was not worth listening to. What a fate for him! And then she had a hundred things to do in concert with these insipidities. She sang with one, and John did not sing, and had to look on with the forlornest thoughts, while a precious hour would pass, consumed by duet after duet and such talk as the following:—"Do you know this?" "Let us try that." "I must do something to amuse all those people," she would say, when he complained. She was not angry with him for complaining, but always kind and sweet, and ready, if she gave him nothing else, to give him one of her pretty smiles.

"But I shall be gone directly, and I have not had ten minutes of you," he said, bitterly.

"Oh, a great deal more than ten minutes," said Kate; "you, unkind, exacting John! When I was at Fanshawe I had all my time on my hands, and nobody but you to think of;—I mean, no other claims upon me. Don't you think it hurts me as much as any one, when they all sweep round me, and I see your dear old face, looking so pale and glum, on the outside? Please don't look so glum! You know I should so much, much rather be with you."

"Should you?" said John, mournfully. Perhaps she believed it; but he found it so very hard to believe. "Dear, I don't mean to be glum, and spoil your pleasure," he said, with a certain pathetic humility; "perhaps I had better go and get to my work again, and wait for the old Sunday nights when you come back."

"That will look as if you were angry with me," she said. "Oh, John, I thought you would understand! You know I can't do what I would do with all these people in the house. What I should like would be to nurse you and take care of you, and be with you always; but what can I do with all these girls and people? I hate them sometimes, though they are my great friends. Don't go and make me think you are angry. It is *that* that would spoil my pleasure. Look here! come and get your hat, and bring me a shawl; there is time for a little walk before the dinner-bell rings."

And then the poor fellow would be rapt into paradise for half an hour under shadow of the elm-trees, which were beginning to put on their bright-coloured garments. His reason told him how vain this snatch of enjoyment was, and gave him many a dim warning that he was spending his life for nought, and giving his treasure for what was not bread; but at such moments John would not listen to the voice of reason. Her hands were on his arm—her head inclining towards him, sometimes almost touching his sleeve—her eyes raised to his—her smile and her sweet kind words all his own. She was as kind as if she had been his mother—as tender and affectionate and forbearing with him. "You are so cross, and so exacting, and so unkind. Because I am fond of you, is that any reason why you should tyrannize over me?" said Kate, with a voice as of a dove close to his ear. And how could he answer her but with abject protestations of penitence and ineffable content?

"It is because I hunger for you, and I have so little of my darling," said repentant

John; "what do I care for all the world if I have not my Kate?"

"But you have your Kate, you foolish boy," she said; "and what does anything matter when you know that? Do I ever distrust you? When I see you talking to somebody at the very other end of the drawing-room, just when I am wanting you perhaps, I don't make myself wretched, as you do. I only say to myself, Never mind, he is my John and not hers; and I am quite happy—though I am sure a girl has a great deal more cause to be uneasy than a man."

And when John had been brought to this point, he would swallow such a speech, and would not allow himself to ask whether it was possible that his absence at the other end of the drawing-room could make Kate wretched. Had he put the question to himself, no doubt Reason would have come in; but why should Reason be allowed to come in to spoil the moments of happiness which come so rarely? He held the hands which were clasped on his arm closer to his side, and gave himself up to the sweetness. And he kept her until ever so long after the dressing-bell had pealed its summons to them under the silent trees. It was the stillest autumn night—a little chill, with a new moon which was just going to set as the dining-room was lighted up for dinner—and now and then a leaf detached itself in the soft darkness, and came down with a noiseless languid whirl in the air, like a signal from the unseen. One of these fell upon Kate's pretty head as she raised it towards her lover, and he lifted the leaf from her hair and put it into his coat. "I will give you a better flower," said Kate; "but oh, John, I must go in. I shall never have time to dress. Well—then, just one more turn; and never say I am not the most foolish yielding girl that ever was, doing everything you like to ask—though you scold me and threaten to go away."

This interview made the evening bearable for John; and it was all the more bearable to him, though it is strange to say so, because Fred Huntley had returned, and sat next him at dinner. He had hated Fred for some days, and was not yet much inclined towards him; but still there was a pleasure in being able to talk freely to some one, and to feel himself, to some extent at least, comprehended, position and all. He was very dry and stiff to Huntley at first, but by degrees the ice broke. "I have never seen you since that night," said Fred. "My heart has smote me since for the way in which I left you, lying on those door-steps. In that excitement one forgets everything.

But you bear considerable marks of it, I see."

"Nothing to signify," said John; and Fred gave him a nod, and began to eat his soup with an indifference which was balm to the other's excited feelings. Finding thus that no gratitude was claimed of him, John grew generous. "I hear it was you who dragged me out; and I have never had a chance of thanking you," he said.

"Thanking me — what for? I don't remember dragging any one out," said Fred. "It was very hot work. I did not rush into the thick of it, like you, to do any good; but I daresay I could give the best description of it. Have they found out how much damage was done? — but I suppose the bank is still going on all the same."

"Banks cannot stop," said John, "unless things are going very badly with them indeed."

"That comes of going in for a special study," said Huntley; "you always did know all about political economy, didn't you? No, it wasn't you, it was Sutherland — never mind; if you have not studied it theoretically, you have practically. I often think if I had gone in for business it would have been better for me on the whole."

"You have less occasion to say so than most men," said John.

"Because we are well off? — or because I have got my fellowship, and that sort of thing? I don't know that it matters much. A man has to work — or else," said Fred, with a sigh, swallowing something more than that *entrée*, "he drifts somehow into mischief whether he will or no."

Did he cast a glance at the head of the table as he spoke, where Kate sat radiant, dispensing her smiles on either hand? It was difficult to imagine why he did so, and yet so it seemed. John looked at her too, and for the moment his heart failed him. Could he say, as she herself had suggested, "After all she is my Kate and no one's else," as she sat there in all her splendour? What could he give her that would bear comparison? Of all the men at her father's table, he was the most humble. At that moment he caught Kate's eye, and she gave him the most imperceptible little nod, the brightest momentary glance. She acknowledged him when even his own faith failed him. His heart came bounding up again to his breast, and throbbed and knocked against it, making itself all but audible in a shout of triumph. Then he turned half round to his companion, with heightened colour, and an animation of manner which was quite unusual to him. He found Huntley's eyes fixed upon his face, looking at

him with a grave, wondering, almost sympathetic interest. Of course Fred's countenance changed as soon as he found that it was perceived, and sank into the ordinary expressionless look of good society. He was the spectator looking on at this drama, and felt himself so much better qualified to judge than either of those more closely concerned.

"How do you like Fernwood?" Huntley began, with some precipitation. "It is rather too full to be pleasant while you are half an invalid, isn't it? Does your arm give you much pain?"

"It is very full," said John, "and one is very much alone among a crowd of people whom one does not know."

"You will soon get to know them," said Fred, consolingly; "people are very easy to get on with nowadays on the whole."

"I am going away on Thursday," said John.

"What! the day after to-morrow? before your arm is better, or — anything different? Do you know, Mitford, I think you stand a good deal in your own light."

"That may be," John said, hotly, "but there are some personal matters of which one can only judge for one's self."

Fred made no answer to this; he shrugged his shoulders a little as who should say, It is no business of mine, and began to talk of politics and the member for Camelford, about whose election there were great searchings of heart in the borough and its neighbourhood. An inquiry was going on in the town, and disclosures were being made which excited the district. The two young men turned their thoughts, or at least their conversation, to that subject, and seemed to forget everything else; but whether the election committee took any very strong hold upon them, or if they were really much interested about the doings of the man in the moon, it would be hard to say.

The drawing-room was very bright and very gay that evening — like a scene in a play, John was tempted to think. There was a great deal of music, and he sat in his corner and looked and saw everything, and would have been amused but for the sinking of his heart. Kate was in the very centre of it all, guiding and directing, as it was natural she should be. The spectator in the corner watched her by the piano, now taking a part, now accompanying, now throwing herself back into her chair with an air of relief when something elaborate had been set agoing, and whispering and smiling behind her fan to some favoured being, though never to himself. The drawing-

room was long and lofty, with an open arched doorway at either end leading to the anteroom on one side and the boudoir on the other. It was at the latter end that John sat; and now and then people would go past him into the small room to *boulder*, or otherwise amuse themselves; and in his weariness his eyes sometimes followed these passing figures, not that he was attracted by them, but only, as weary watchers have a way of doing, that he might perhaps see some change that should be more pleasant to him when his eyes returned to their natural centre. When they did so, however, he saw something which flushed him with a sudden pang and heat. It was Fred Huntley, to whom Kate was speaking. He was stooping down over her, leaning on the back of a chair, and Kate's face was raised to him and half-screened with her fan. Their talk looked very confidential, very animated and friendly; and it seemed to John (but that must have been a mistake) that she gave him just the tips of her fingers as she dismissed him. Fred rose from the chair on which he had been half kneeling with a little movement of his head, which Kate reciprocated, and went off upon a meandering passage round the room. She had given him some commission, John felt — to him, and not to me, he said bitterly in his heart, and then tried to comfort himself, not very successfully, with the words she had taught him, "After all, she is my Kate and not his." Was she John's? or was it all a dream and phantasmagoria, that might vanish in an instant and leave no trace behind? He felt that if he closed his eyes for a moment, he might find, on re-opening them, that all the lights and the brightness had vanished, that the music had resolved itself into some chance *bourdonnement* of bird or insect, and that he should know himself to be in fact, as he was in spirit, alone. And he did close his eyes in the caprice of a heart very ill at ease. When he opened them again he found that something had happened more disenchanting than if the light had turned into darkness and the gay sounds into nothing. It was that Fred Huntley was approaching himself, and that this was the mission with which Kate, giving him the tips of her fingers, had intrusted the man whom of all others it most revolted him to be put in charge of. Fred managed the business very cleverly, and would have taken in any unsuspecting person; but John, on the contrary, was horribly suspicious, looking for pricks at all possible points. The ambassador threw himself into a vacant chair which happened to be handy, and stretched himself out com-

fortably in it, and said nothing for a minute. Then he yawned (was that, too, done on purpose?) and turned to John. "Were you asleep, Mitford?" he said; "I don't much wonder. It's very amusing, but it's very monotonous night after night."

"I have not had so much of it as you have, to get tired of it," said John.

"Well, perhaps there is something in that; but, after all, there are some nice people here. The worst for a new-comer," said Fred, poisoning himself lazily in his chair, "is, that everybody has made acquaintance before he comes; and till he has been there for some time and gets used to it, he is apt to feel himself left out in the cold. Of course you can't have any such sensations in this house — but I have felt it; and Kate — Miss Crediton, though she is an admirable hostess, can't be everywhere at once."

"But she can send ambassadors," said John, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Oh yes; of course she can send ambassadors," said Huntley, confused, "when she has any ambassadors to send. I wanted to ask you, Mitford, about that archæological business your father takes so much interest in. I hear they are to visit Dulchester —"

"Did she tell you that?" said John. "My dear fellow, say to me plainly, I have been sent to talk to you and draw you out. That is reasonable and comprehensible, and I should not be ungrateful. But let us talk since we are required to do so. When are you likely to be at Westbrook? I want to go home one of these days; and my mother would like to see you, to thank you —"

"To thank me for what?" said Fred, with much consternation.

"For dragging me out of that fire. I don't say for saving my life, for it did not come to that — but still you have laid me under a great obligation," said John, with a setting together of his teeth which did not look much like gratitude; and then he rose up suddenly and went away out of the corner, leaving Huntley alone in the chair, and not so happy as his wont. As for John himself, he was stung to exertions quite unusual to him. He went and talked politics, and university talk, and sporting talk, with a variety of men. He did not approach any of the ladies — his heart was beating too fast for that; but he stood up in the doorway and against the walls wherever the men of the party most congregated. And he never so much as looked at the creature who was at once his delight and his torment during all the long weary tedious evening, which looked as if it never would come to an end and leave him at peace.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEXT morning John packed himself up before he saw any one. He had not slept all night. It is true that the incidents of the past evening had been trifling enough — not of sufficient consequence to affect, as his sudden departure might do, the entire complexion of his life. It was only as a climax, indeed, that they were of any importance at all; but as such, they had wound him up to a point of resolution. The present state of affairs, it was evident, could not go on. Had he been a mere idle man of society, he said to himself, in whose life this perpetual excitement might supply a painful-pleasant sensation, then it might have been possible; but he could not, love as he might, wear away his existence in watching a girl's face, or waiting for such moments of her society as she might be able to give him. It was impossible: better to go away where he should never see her again; better to give up for ever all the joys of life, than wear out every vestige of manliness within him in this hopeless way. He had been born to higher uses and better purposes surely, or where was the good of being born at all? Accordingly he prepared all his belongings for instant departure. He did not enter on the question, what should come after, or whether any result would follow. He was not breaking off anything, he said to himself. Kate was still dearer to him than anything in earth or heaven, he acknowledged with a sigh; but unless perhaps time or Providence might arrange the terms of their intercourse on a more possible footing, that intercourse for the present must be suspended. He could not go on. With this resolution in his mind he went down-stairs; and looked so pale, that he attracted the attention of the lady who sat next to him at the breakfast-table, where Kate, who was so often late, had not yet appeared.

"I am afraid you are ill," she said; "I fear your arm pains you more than usual. I think I knew your mother, Mr. Mitford, a thousand years ago. Was not she a Miss Olive, of Burton? Ah, yes! I remember — one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. I think — you are a little like her," said this benevolent woman, with a slight hesitation. And then there was a titter at the table, in which John did not feel much disposed to join.

"Oh no," cried Kate, who had just come in; "it is not him that is like Mrs. Mitford, but *me*. I allow he is her son, but that does not matter. I was at Fanshawe Regis ever so long in summer. Mr. John, tell

Lady Winton she was like me when she was a girl, and I shall be like her when I am an old lady. You know it is so."

And she paused a moment just beside him, with her hand on Lady Winton's chair, and looked into John's pale face as he rose at her appeal. Something was wrong — Kate was not sure what. Lady Winton, perhaps, had been annoying him with questions, or Fred Huntley with criticism. It did not occur to her that she herself could be the offender. She looked into John's face, meaning to say a thousand things to him with her eyes, but his were blank, and made no reply.

"She was prettier than you are, Kate," said Lady Winton, with a smile.

"Nay," said John, unawares. He had not meant to enter into the talk — but to look at her standing there before him in her fresh morning dress, in all her perfection of youth and sweetness, and to believe that anybody had ever been more lovely, was impossible. At that moment, when he was about to leave her, he could have bent down and kissed the hem of her dress. It seemed the only fitting thing to do, but it could not be done before all these people. Kate was more and more perplexed what he could mean. His eyes which had been blank, lighted up all in a moment, and spoke things to her which she could not understand. What was the meaning of the pathos in them — the melancholy, the dumb appeal that almost made her cry? She gave a little laugh instead, much fluttered and disturbed in her mind the while, and nodded her head and went on to her seat at the head of the table.

"When one's friends begin to discuss one's looks, don't you think it is best to withdraw?" she said. "Oh, thanks, Madeline, for doing my duty. It is so wretched to be late. Please, somebody, have some tea."

And then the ordinary talk came in and swept this little episode out of sight.

When breakfast was over, and one after another the guests began to disperse to their morning occupations, Kate, turning round to accompany one of the last to the morning room, where all the embroidery and the practising and the gossip went on, had her uncomfortable thoughts brought back in a moment by the sight of John standing right in her way, holding out his hand. "I am obliged to go away," he said, in the most calm tone he could muster. "Good-bye, Miss Crediton; and thanks, many thanks."

"Going away!" cried Kate, standing still in her amazement. "Going away! Has anything happened at Fanshawe Regis — Your mother — or Dr. Mitford —?"

"They are both well," he said. "I am not going to Fanshawe, only back to the town to my work. Good-bye."

"I must hear about this," said Kate, abruptly. "Please don't wait for me, Madeline; I want to speak to Mr. Mitford. Go on, and I will join you. Oh, John, what does it mean?" she cried, turning to her lover, almost without waiting until the door had closed on her companion. By this time everybody was gone, and the two were left alone in the great empty room where five minutes ago there had been so much sound and movement. They were standing in front of one of the deeply-recessed windows, with the light falling direct upon them as on a stage. He held out his hand again and took hers, which she was too much disturbed to give.

"It is nothing," he said, with a forlorn sort of smile, "except just that I must go away. Don't let that cloud your face, dear. I can't help myself. I am obliged to go."

"Is any one ill?" she cried; "is that the reason? Oh, John, tell me! are you really *obliged* to go? Or is it—anything—we have done?"

"No," he said, holding her hand in his. "It is my fault. It does not matter. It is that I cannot manage this sort of life. No blame to you, my darling. Don't think I am blaming you. When I am back at my work, things will look different. I was not brought up like you. You must pardon me as you would pardon me for being ignorant and not knowing another language; but it is best I should go away."

"John!" she cried, the tears coming with a sudden rush into the clear wondering eyes that had been gazing at him so intently, "what have I done?"

"Nothing—nothing," he said, stooping over her hand and kissing it again and again. "There is only myself to blame. I can't take things, I suppose, as other people do. I am exacting and inconsiderate and—Never mind, dear. I must go away; and you will not remember my faults when I am gone."

"But I never thought you had any faults," cried Kate. "You speak as if it were me. I never have found fault with you, John—nor asked anything more—nor—I know I am silly. Tell me, and scold me, and forgive me. Say as papa does—it is only Kate. I know I did not mean it. Oh, John, dear, if I beg your pardon, though I don't know what I have done——"

"You have done nothing," he cried in despair. "Oh, my Kate! are you my Kate? or are you a witch coming into my arms to distract me from everything? No,

no, no! I must not be conquered this time. My love, it will be best for both of us. I cannot go on seeing you always within my reach and always out of my reach. I would have you always like this—always here—always mine; but I can't have you; and I have no strength to stand by at a distance and look on. Do you understand me now? I shall go away so much happier because of this five minutes. Good-bye."

"But, John!" she cried, clinging to him, "don't go away; why should you go away? I will do anything you please. I will—make a change; don't go and leave me. I want you to be here."

"You break my heart!" he cried; "but I cannot be here. What use is it to you? And to me it is distraction. Kate! don't ask me to stay."

"But it is of use to me," she said, with a flush on her face, and an expression unlike anything he had seen before—an uneasy look, half of shame and half of alarm. Then she turned from him a little, with a slight change of tone. "It is a strange way of using me," she said, looking steadfastly at the carpet, "after my going to you, and all; not many girls would have gone to you as I did; you might stay now when I ask you—for my sake."

"I will do anything in the world for your sake," he said; "but Kate, it does you no good, you know. It is an embarrassment to you," John went on, with a half groan escaping him, "and it is distraction to me."

Then followed a pause. She drew her hand away from his with a little petulant movement. She kept her eyes away from him, not meeting his, which were fixed upon her. Her face glowed with a painful heat; her little foot tapped the carpet. "Do you mean that—other things—are to be over too?" she said; and twisted her fingers together, and gazed out of the window, waiting for what he had to say.

Such a question comes naturally to the mind of a lover whenever there is any fretting of his silken chain; and accordingly it was not novel to John's imagination—but it struck upon his heart as if it had been a blow. "Surely not—surely not," he answered, hastily; "not so far as I am concerned."

And then they stood again—for how long?—side by side, not looking at each other, waiting a chance word to separate or to reunite them. Should she be able to bear her first rebuff? she, a spoiled child, to whom everybody yielded? Or could she all in a moment learn that sweet philosophy of yielding in her own person, which makes all the difference between sorrow and un-

happiness? Everything — the world itself — seemed to hang in the balance for that moment. Kate terminated it suddenly, in her own unexpected way. She turned on him all at once, with all the sweetness restored to her face and her voice, and held out her hand: "Neither shall it be so far as I am concerned," she said. "Since you must go, good-bye, John!"

And thus it came to an end. When he was on his way back to Camelford, and the visit to Fernwood, with all its pains and pleasures, and the last touch of her hand, were all things of the past, John asked himself, with all a lover's ingenuity of self-torture, if this frank sweetness of reply was enough? if she should have let him go so easily? if there was not something of relief in it? He drove himself frantic with these questions, as he made his way back to his poor little lodgings. Mr. Crediton had looked politely indifferent, rather glad than otherwise, when he took his leave. "Going to leave us?" Mr. Crediton had said. "I am very sorry; I hope it is not any bad news. But perhaps you are right, and perfect quiet will be better for your arm. Never mind about business — you must take your own time. If you see Whicelo, tell him I mean to come in on Saturday. I am very sorry you have given us so short a visit. Good-bye." Such was Mr. Crediton's farewell; but the young man made very little account of that. Mr. Crediton's words or ways were not of so much importance to him as one glance of Kate's eye. What she meant by her dismay and distress, and then by the sudden change, the sweet look, the good-bye so kindly, gently said, was the question he debated with himself; and naturally he had put a hundred interpretations upon it before he reached the end of his journey. It was still but mid-day when he reached the little melancholy shabby rooms which were his home in Camelford. The place might be supportable at night, when he came in only for rest after the day's labours, though even then it was dreary enough; but what could be thought of it in the middle of a bright autumn day, when the young man came in and closed his door, and felt the silence hem him in and enclose him, and put seals, as it were, to the grave in which he had buried himself. Full day, and nothing to do, and a little room to walk about in, four paces from one side to the other — and a suburban street to look out upon, with blinds drawn over the windows, and plants shutting out the air, and an organ grinding melancholy music forth along each side of the way: could he stay still and bear it? When he was at Fernwood

his rooms looked to him like a place of rest, where he could go and hide himself and be at peace. But as soon as he had entered them, it was Fernwood that grew lovely in the distance, where Kate was, where there were blessed people who would be round her all day long, and the stir of life, and a thousand pleasant matters going on. He was weary and sick of himself, and sick of the world. Could he sit down and read a novel in the light of that October day — or what was he to do?

The end was that he took his portmanteau, which had not been unpacked, and threw it into a passing cab, and went off to the railway. He had not gone home since he came to his clerkship in the bank, and that was three months since. It seemed the only thing that was left for him to do now. He went back along the familiar road with something of the feelings of a prodigal approaching his home. It seemed strange to him when the porter at the little roadside station of Fanshawe touched his cap, and announced his intention of carrying Mr. John's portmanteau to the Rectory. He felt it strange that the poor fellow should remember him. Surely it was years since he had been there before.

And this feeling grew as John walked slowly along the quiet country road that led to his home. Everything he passed was associated with thoughts which were as much over and past as if they had happened in a different existence. He had walked along by these hedgerows pondering a thousand things, but scarcely one that had any reference to, any relation with, his present life. He had been a dreamer, planning high things for the welfare of the world; he had been a reformer, rousing, sometimes tenderly, sometimes violently, the indifferent country from its slumbers; sometimes, even, retiring to the prose of things, he had tried to realize the details of a clergyman's work, and to fit himself into them, and ask himself how he should perform them. But never, in all these questionings, had he thought of himself as a banker's clerk — a man working for money alone, and the hope of money. It was so strange that he did not know what to make of it. As he went on, the other John, his former self, seemed to go with him — and which was the real man, and which the phantom, he could not tell. All the quiet country lifted prevailing hands, and laid hold on him as he went home. It looked so natural — and he, what was he? But the country, too, had changed as if in a dream. He had left it in the full blaze of June, and now it was October, with the leaves in autumn glory, the fields reaped,

the brown stubble everywhere, and now and then in the clear blue air the crack of a sportsman's gun. All these things had borne a different aspect once to John. He too had been a little of a sportsman, as was natural; but the dog and the gun did not harmonize with the figure of a banker's clerk. The women on the road, who stared at him, and curtsied to him with a smile of recognition, confused him, he could not tell why. It was strange that everybody should recognize him—he who did not recognize himself.

And as he approached the Rectory, a vague sense that something must have happened there, came over him. It was only three days since he had received a letter from his mother full of those cheerful details which it cost her, though he did not know it, so much labor and pain to write. He tried to remind himself of all the pleasant every-day gossip, and picture of things serene and unchangeable which she had sent him; but still the nearer he drew and the more familiar everything became, the more he felt that something must have happened. He went in by the little garden-gate, which opened noiselessly, and made his way through the shrubbery, to satisfy himself that no cloud of uttermost calamity had fallen upon the house. It was actually a relief to him to see that the blinds were up and the windows open. It was a warm genial autumn day, very still, and somewhat pathetic, but almost as balmy as summer. And the drawing-room window stood wide open as it had done through all those wonderful June days when John's life had come to its climax. The lilies had vanished that stood up in great pyramids against the butresses; even their tall green stalks were gone, cut down to the ground; and there were no roses, except here and there a pale monthly one, or a half-nipped, half-open bud. John paused under the acacia-tree where he had so often placed Kate's chair, and which was now littering all the lawn round about with its leaflets—to gain a glimpse, before he entered, of what was going on within. The room was in the shade, and at first it was difficult to make out anything. The dear, tender mother! to whom he had been everything—all her heart had to rest on. What had she to recompense her for all the tender patience, all the care and labour she took upon herself for the sake of her Saviour and fellow-creatures! Her son, who had taken things for granted all this time as sons do, opened his eyes suddenly as he stood peeping in like a stranger, and began to understand her life. God never made a better, purer woman;

she had lived fifty years doing good and not evil to every soul around her, and what had she in return? A husband, who thought she was a very good sort of ignorant foolish little woman on the whole, and very useful in the parish, and handy to keep off all interruptions and annoyances; and a son who had gone away and abandoned her at the first chance—disappointed all her hopes, left her alone, doubly alone, in the world. "It is her hour for the school, the dearest little mother," he said to himself, with the tears coming to his eyes; "she never fails, though we all fail her;" but even as the words formed in his mind he perceived that the room into which he was gazing was not empty. There she sat, thrown back into a chair; her work was lying on the floor at her feet; but John had never seen such an air of weariness and lassitude in his mother before. He recognized the gown she had on, the basket of work on the table, all the still life round her; but her he could not recognize. She had her hands crossed loosely in her lap, laid together with a passive indifference that went to his heart. Could she be asleep? but she was not asleep; for after a while one of the hands went softly up to her cheek, and something was brushed off, which could only be a tear. He could scarcely restrain the cry that came to his lips; but at that moment the door, which he could not see, must have opened, for she gave a start, and roused herself, and turned to speak to somebody. "I am coming, Lizzie," John heard her answer in a spiritless, weary tone; and then she rose and put away her work, and took up her white shawl, which was lying on the back of a chair. She liked white and pretty bright colours about her, the simple soul. They became her, and were like herself. But when she had wrapped herself in the shawl, which was as familiar to John as her own face, his mother gave a long weary sigh, and sat down again as if she could not make up her mind to move. He had crept quite close to the window by this time, moved beyond expression by the sight of her, with tears in his eyes, and unspeakable compunction in his heart. "What does it matter now?" she said to herself, drearily. She had come to be so much alone that the thought was spoken and not merely thought. When John stepped into the room a moment after, his mother stood and gazed at him as if he had risen out of the earth, and then gave a great cry which rang through all the house, and fell upon his neck. Fell upon his neck—that was the expression—reaching her arms, little woman as she was, up to him as he towered over her; and would

not have cared if she had died then, in the passion of her joy.

"Mother, dear, you are trembling," John said, as he put her tenderly into her chair, and knelt down beside her, taking her hands into his. "I should not have been so foolish startling you; but I could not resist the temptation when I saw you here."

"Joy does not hurt," said Mrs. Mitford. "I have grown so silly, my dear, now I have not you to keep me right; and it was a surprise. There—I don't in the least mean to cry; it is only foolishness. And oh, my poor John, your arm."

"It is nothing," he said; "it is almost well. Never mind it. I am a dreadful guy, to be sure. Is that what you are looking at, mamma mia?" In his wan face and fire-scorched hair she had not known her child.

"Oh, John, that you could think so," she said, in her earnest matter-of-fact way. "My own boy! as if I should not have known you anywhere, whatever you had done to yourself. It was not that. John, my dear?"

"What, mother?"

"I was looking to see if you were happy, my dearest, dearest boy. Don't be angry with me. As long as you are happy I don't mind—what happens—to me."

John laid his head down on his mother's lap. How often he had done it!—as a child, as a lad, as a man—sometimes after those soft reproofs which were like caresses—sometimes in penitence, when he had been rebellious even to her; but never before as now, that her eyes might not read his heart. He did it by instinct, having no time to think; but in the moment that followed thought came, and he saw that he must put a brave face on it, and not betray himself. So he raised his head again, and met her eyes with a smile, believing, man as he was, that he could cheat her with that

simulation of gladness which went no further than his lips.

"What could I be but happy?" he said; "but not to see you looking so pale, and trembling like this, my pretty mamma. You are too pretty to-day—too pink and too white and too bright-eyed. What do you mean by it? It must be put a stop to, now I have come home."

"What does that mean?" she asked, with tremulous eagerness. He was not happy; he might deceive all the world, she said to herself, but he could not deceive his mother. He was not happy, but he did not mean her to know it, and she would not betray her knowledge. So she only trembled a little more, and smiled pathetically upon him, and kissed his forehead, and shed back the hair from it with her soft nervous hands.

"Coming home has such a sound to me. It used to mean the long nice holidays; and once I thought it meant something more; but now—"

"Now it means a week or two," he said; "not much, but still we can make a great deal out of it. And the first thing must be to look after your health, mother. This will never do."

"My health will mend now," she said, with a smile; and then, afraid to have been supposed to consent to the fact that her health had need of mending—"I mean I never was better, John. I am only a little—nervous—because of the surprise; the first thing is to make you enjoy your holiday, my own boy."

"Yes," he said, with a curious smile. Enjoy his holiday!—which was the escape of a man beaten from the field on which he had failed in his first encounter with fate. But I will not let her know that, John said to himself. And I must not show him that I see it, was the reflection of his mother. This was how they met again after the great parting which looked like the crisis of their lives.

Or all contributors to newspapers, the greatest bore is the man with just enough classical knowledge to hunt through Webster's big dictionary and unearth Greek and Latin roots, to which he fastens Saxon stems—to fish up old forgotten and unused idioms from books of quotation—to invent a bastard terminology that may serve to delude the unlearned reader into the belief that the writer has a great smattering of art—and to wearily bundle all these misty absurdities together, and bind them with a chi-

rography that would disgrace a schoolboy and drive a compositor crazy, with punctuation which seems to have been shaken over the paper from a pepper-box,—who has just sense to do all this, but doesn't know enough to stick the product of his ingenuity into the fire. This ghoul—this *chiffonier*—this tumble-bug—is a weariness to the soul of an editor and an imposition upon good nature. May the Lord smite him!

San Francisco News-Letter.

THE SPOTTED DOG.

BY MR. TROLLOPE, EDITOR OF SAINT PAULS.

PART II. — THE RESULT.

DURING the next month we saw a good deal of Mr. Julius Mackenzie, and made ourselves quite at home in Mrs. Grimes's bed-room. We went in and out of the Spotted Dog as if we had known that establishment all our lives, and spent many a quarter of an hour with the hostess in her little parlour, discussing the prospects of Mr. Mackenzie and his family. He had procured for himself decent, if not exactly new, garments out of the money so liberally provided by my learned friend the Doctor, and spent much of his time in the library of the British Museum. He certainly worked very hard, for he did not altogether abandon his old engagement. Before the end of the first month the index of the first volume, nearly completed, had been sent down for the inspection of the Doctor, and had been returned with ample eulogium and some little criticism. The criticisms Mackenzie answered by letter, with true scholarly spirit, and the Doctor was delighted. Nothing could be more pleasant to him than a correspondence, prolonged almost indefinitely, as to the respective merits of a *ro* or a *rov*, or on the demand for a spondee or an iamb. When he found that the work was really in industrious hands, he ceased to be clamorous for early publication, and gave us to understand privately that Mr. Mackenzie was not to be limited to the sum named. The matter of remuneration was, indeed, left very much to ourselves, and Mackenzie had certainly found a most efficient friend in the author whose works had been confided to his hands.

All this was very pleasant, and Mackenzie throughout that month worked very hard. According to the statements made to me by Mrs. Grimes he took no more gin than what was necessary for a hard-working man. As to the exact quantity of that cordial which she imagined to be beneficial and needful, we made no close inquiry. He certainly kept himself in a condition for work, and so far all went on happily. Nevertheless, there was a terrible skeleton in the cupboard, — or rather out of the cupboard, for the skeleton could not be got to hide itself. A certain portion of his prosperity reached the hands of his wife, and she was behaving herself worse than ever. The four children had been covered with decent garments under Mrs. Grimes's care, and then Mrs. Mackenzie had appeared at the Spotted Dog, loudly demanding a new outfit for herself. She came not only once, but often, and

Mr. Grimes was beginning to protest that he saw too much of the family. We had become very intimate with Mrs. Grimes, and she did not hesitate to confide to us her fears lest "John should cut up rough," before the thing was completed. "You see," she said, "it is against the house, no doubt, that woman coming nigh it." But still she was firm, and Mackenzie was not disturbed in the possession of the bed-room. At last Mrs. Mackenzie was provided with some articles of female attire; — and then, on the very next day, she and the four children were again stripped almost naked. The wretched creature must have steeped herself in gin to the shoulders, for in one day she made a sweep of everything. She then came in a state of furious intoxication to the Spotted Dog, and was removed by the police under the express order of the landlord.

We can hardly say which was the most surprising to us, the loyalty of Mrs. Grimes or the patience of John. During that night, as we were told two days afterwards by his wife, he stormed with passion. The papers she had locked up in order that he should not get at them and destroy them. He swore that everything should be cleared out on the following morning. But when the morning came he did not even say a word to Mackenzie, as the wretched, downcast, broken-hearted creature passed up-stairs to his work. "You see I know him, and how to deal with him," said Mrs. Grimes. "There ain't another like himself nowhere; — he's that good. A softer-hearted man there ain't in the public line. He can speak dreadful when his dander is up, and can look —; oh, laws, he just can look at you! But he could no more put his hands upon a woman, in the way of hurting, — no more than be an archbishop." Where could be the man, thought we to ourselves as this was said to us, who could have put a hand, — in the way of hurting, — upon Mrs. Grimes?

On that occasion, to the best of our belief, the policeman contented himself with depositing Mrs. Mackenzie at her own lodgings. On the next day she was picked up drunk in the street, and carried away to the lock-up house. At the very moment in which the story was being told us by Mrs. Grimes, Mackenzie had gone to the police office to pay the fine, and to bring his wife home. We asked with dismay and surprise why he should interfere to rescue her, — why he did not leave her in custody as long as the police would keep her? "Who'd there be to look after the children?" asked Mrs. Grimes, as though she were offended

at our suggestion. Then she went on to explain that in such a household as that of poor Mackenzie the wife is absolutely a necessity, even though she be an habitual drunkard. Intolerable as she was, her services were necessary to him. "A husband as drinks is bad," said Mrs. Grimes,—with something, we thought, of an apologetic tone for the vice upon which her own prosperity was partly built,—“but when a woman takes to it, it's the — devil.” We thought that she was right, as we pictured to ourselves that man of letters satisfying the magistrate's demand for his wife's misconduct, and taking the degraded, half-naked creature once more home to his children.

We saw him about twelve o'clock on that day, and he had then, too evidently, been endeavouring to support his misery by the free use of alcohol. We did not speak of it down in the parlour; but even Mrs. Grimes, we think, would have admitted that he had taken more than was good for him. He was sitting up in the bed-room with his head hanging upon his hand, with a swarm of our learned friend's papers spread on the table before him. Mrs. Grimes, when he entered the house, had gone up-stairs to give them out to him. “All this kind of thing must come to an end,” he said to us with a thick husky voice. We muttered something to him as to the need there was that he should exert a manly courage in his troubles. “Manly!” he said. “Well, yes; manly. A man should be a man, of course. There are some things which a man can't bear. I've borne more than enough, and I'll have an end of it.”

We shall never forget that scene. After a while he got up, and became almost violent. Talk of bearing! Who had borne half as much as he? There were things a man should not bear. As for manliness, he believed that the truly manly thing would be to put an end to the lives of his wife, his children, and himself at one swoop. Of course the judgment of a mealy-mouthed world would be against him, but what would that matter to him when he and they had vanished out of this miserable place into the infinite realms of nothingness? Was he fit to live, or were they? Was there any chance for his children but that of becoming thieves and prostitutes? And for that poor wretch of a woman, from out of whose bosom even her human instincts had been washed by gin,—would not death to her be, indeed, a charity? There was but one drawback to all this. When he should have destroyed them, how would it be with him if he should afterwards fail to make sure work with his own life? In such case

it was not hanging that he would fear, but the self-reproach that would come upon him in that he had succeeded in sending others out of their misery, but had flinched when his own turn had come. Though he was drunk when he said these horrid things, or so nearly drunk that he could not perfect the articulation of his words, still there was a marvellous eloquence with him. When we attempted to answer, and told him of that canon which had been set against self-slaughter, he laughed us to scorn. There was something terrible to us in the audacity of the arguments which he used, when he asserted for himself the right to shuffle off from his shoulders a burden which they had not been made broad enough to bear. There was an intensity and a thorough hopelessness of suffering in his case, an openness of acknowledged degradation, which robbed us for the time of all that power which the respectable ones of the earth have over the disreputable. When we came upon him with our wise saws, our wisdom was shattered instantly, and flung back upon us in fragments. What promise could we dare to hold out to him that further patience would produce any result that could be beneficial? What further harm could any such doing on his part bring upon him? Did we think that were he brought out to stand at the gallows' foot with the knowledge that ten minutes would usher him into what folks called eternity, his sense of suffering would be as great as it had been when he conducted that woman out of court and along the streets to his home, amidst the jeering congratulations of his neighbours? “When you have fallen so low,” said he, “that you can fall no lower, the ordinary trammels of the world cease to bind you.” Though his words were knocked against each other with the dulled utterances of intoxication, his intellect was terribly clear, and his scorn for himself, and for the world that had so treated him, was irrepressible.

We must have been over an hour with him up there in the bed-room, and even then we did not leave him. As it was manifest that he could do no work on that day, we collected the papers together, and proposed that he should take a walk with us. He was patient as we shovelled together the Doctor's pages, and did not object to our suggestion. We found it necessary to call up Mrs. Grimes to assist us in putting away the “Opus magnum,” and were astonished to find how much she had come to know about the work. Added to the Doctor's manuscript there were now the pages of Mackenzie's indexes, — and there

were other pages of reference, for use in making future indexes,—as to all of which Mrs. Grimes seemed to be quite at home. We have no doubt that she was familiar with the names of Greek tragedians, and could have pointed out to us in print the performances of the chorus. "A little fresh air'll do you a deal of good, Mr. Mackenzie," she said to the unfortunate man,—"only take a biscuit in your pocket." We got him out into the street, but he angrily refused to take the biscuit which she endeavoured to force into his hands.

That was a memorable walk. Turning from the end of Liquor-pond Street up Gray's Inn Lane towards Holborn, we at once came upon the entrance into a miserable court. "There," said he; "it is down there that I live. She is sleeping it off now, and the children are hanging about her, wondering whether mother has got money to have another go at it when she rises. I'd take you down to see it all, only it'd sicken you." We did not offer to go down the court, abstaining rather for his sake than for our own. The look of the place was as of a spot squalid, fever-stricken, and utterly degraded. And this man who was our companion had been born and bred a gentleman,—had been nourished with that soft and gentle care which comes of wealth and love combined,—had received the education which the country gives to her most favoured sons, and had taken such advantage of that education as is seldom taken by any of those favoured ones;—and Cucumber Court, with a drunken wife and four half-clothed, half-starved children, was the condition to which he had brought himself! The world knows nothing higher nor brighter than had been his outset in life,—nothing lower nor more debased than the result. And yet he was one whose time and intellect had been employed upon the pursuit of knowledge,—who even up to this day had high ideas of what should be a man's career,—who worked very hard and had always worked,—who as far as we knew had struck upon no rocks in the pursuit of mere pleasure. It had all come to him from that idea of his youth that it would be good for him "to take refuge from the conventional thralldom of so-called gentlemen amidst the liberty of the lower orders." His life, as he had himself owned, had indeed been a mistake.

We passed on from the court, and crossing the road went through the squares of Gray's Inn, down Chancery Lane, through the little iron gate into Lincoln's Inn, round, through the old square,—than which we know no place in London more conducive

to suicide, and the new square,—which has a gloom of its own, not so potent, and savouring only of madness, till at last we found ourselves in the Temple Gardens. I do not know why we had thus clung to the purlieus of the Law, except it was that he was telling us how in his early days, when he had been sent away from Cambridge,—as on this occasion he acknowledged to us, for an attempt to pull the tutor's nose, in revenge for a supposed insult,—he had intended to push his fortunes as a barrister. He pointed up to a certain window in a dark corner of that suicidal old court, and told us that for one year he had there sat at the feet of a great Gamaliel in Chancery, and had worked with all his energies. Of course we asked him why he had left a prospect so alluring. Though his answers to us were not quite explicit, we think that he did not attempt to conceal the truth. He learned to drink, and that Gamaliel took upon himself to rebuke the failing, and by the end of that year he had quarrelled irreconcilably with his family. There had been great wrath at home when he was sent from Cambridge, greater wrath when he expressed his opinion upon certain questions of religious faith, and wrath to the final severance of all family relations when he told the chosen Gamaliel that he should get drunk as often as he pleased. After that he had "taken refuge among the lower orders," and his life, such as it was, had come of it.

In Fleet street, as we came out of the Temple, we turned into an eating-house and had some food. By this time the exercise and the air had carried off the fumes of the liquor which he had taken, and I knew that it would be well that he should eat. We had a mutton chop and a hot potato and a pint of beer each, and sat down to table for the first and last time as mutual friends. It was odd to see how in his converse with us on that day he seemed to possess a double identity. Though the hopeless misery of his condition was always present to him, was constantly on his tongue, yet he could talk about his own career and his own character as though he belonged to a third person. He could even laugh at the wretched mistake he had made in life, and speculate as to its consequences. For himself he was well aware that death was the only release he could expect. We did not dare to tell him that if his wife should die, then things might be better with him. We could only suggest to him that work itself, if he would do honest work, would console him for many sufferings. "You don't know the filth of it," he said to us.

Ah, dear; how well we remember the terrible world, and the gesture with which he pronounced it, and the gleam of his eyes as he said it! His manner to us on this occasion was completely changed, and we had a gratification in feeling that a sense had come back upon him of his old associations. "I remember this room so well," he said, — "when I used to have friends and money." And, indeed, the room was one which has been made memorable by Genius. "I did not think ever to have found myself here again." We observed, however, that he could not eat the food that was placed before him. A morsel or two of the meat he swallowed, and struggled to eat the crust of his bread, but he could not make a clean plate of it, as we did — regretting that the nature of chops did not allow of ampler dimensions. His beer was quickly finished, and we suggested to him a second tankard. With a queer, half-abashed twinkle of the eye, he accepted our offer, and then the second pint disappeared also. We had our doubts on the subject, but at last decided against any further offer. Had he chosen to call for it he must have had a third; but he did not call for it. We left him at the door of the tavern, and he then promised that in spite of all that he had suffered and all that he had said he would make another effort to complete the Doctor's work. "Whether I go or stay," he said, "I'd like to earn the money that I've spent." There was something terrible in that idea of his going! Whither was he to go?

The Doctor heard nothing of the misfortune of these three or four inauspicious days; and the work was again going on prosperously when he came up again to London at the end of the second month. He told us something of his banker, and something of his lawyer, and murmured a word or two as to a new curate whom he needed; but we knew that he had come up to London because he could not bear a longer absence from the great object of his affections. He could not bear to be thus parted from his manuscript, and was again childishly anxious that a portion of it should be in the printer's hands. "At sixty-five, sir," he said to us, "a man has no time to dally with his work." He had been dallying with his work all his life, and we sincerely believed that it would be well with him if he could be contented to dally with it to the end. If all that Mackenzie said of it was true, the Doctor's erudition was not equalled by his originality, or by his judgment. Of that question, however, we could take no cognisance. He was bent upon publishing, and as he was willing and able to pay for his

whim and was his own master, nothing that we could do would keep him out of the printer's hands.

He was desirous of seeing Mackenzie, and was anxious once even to see him at his work. Of course he could meet his assistant in our editorial-room, and all the papers could easily be brought backwards and forwards in the old dispatch-box. But in the interest of all parties we hesitated in taking our revered and reverend friend to the Spotted Dog. Though we had told him that his work was being done at a public-house, we thought that his mind had conceived the idea of some modest inn, and that he would be shocked at being introduced to a place which he would regard simply as a gin-shop. Mrs. Grimes, or if not Mrs. Grimes, then Mr. Grimes, might object to another visitor to their bed-room; and Mackenzie himself would be thrown out of gear by the appearance of those clerical gaiters upon the humble scene of his labours. We, therefore, gave him such reasons as were available for submitting, at any rate for the present, to having the papers brought to him at our room. And we ourselves went down to the Spotted Dog to make an appointment with Mackenzie for the following day. We had last seen him about a week before, and then the task was progressing well. He had told us that another fortnight would finish it. We had inquired also of Mrs. Grimes about the man's wife. All she could tell us was that the woman had not again troubled them at the Spotted Dog. She expressed her belief, however, that the drunkard had been more than once in the hands of the police since the day on which Mackenzie had walked with us through the squares of the Inns of Court.

It was late when we reached the public-house on the occasion to which we now allude, and the evening was dark and rainy. It was then the end of January, and it might have been about six o'clock. We knew that we should not find Mackenzie at the public-house; but it was probable that Mrs. Grimes could send for him, or, at least, could make the appointment for us. We went into the little parlour, where she was seated with her husband, and we could immediately see, from the countenance of both of them, that something was amiss. We began by telling Mrs. Grimes that the Doctor had come to town. "Mackenzie ain't here, sir," said Mrs. Grimes, and we almost thought that the very tone of her voice was altered. We explained that we had not expected to find him at that hour, and asked if she could send for him. She only shook her head. Grimes was standing with his back to the

fire, and his hands in his trousers-pockets. Up to this moment he had not spoken a word. We asked if the man was drunk. She again shook her head. Could she bid him to come to see us to-morrow, and bring the box and the papers with him. Again she shook her head.

"I've told her that I won't have no more of it," said Grimes; "nor yet I won't. He was drunk this morning, — as drunk as an owl."

"He was sober, John, as you are, when he came for the papers this afternoon at two o'clock." So the box and the papers had all been taken away!

"And she was here yesterday rampaging about the place, without as much clothes on as would cover her nakedness," said Mr. Grimes. "I won't have no more of it. I've done for that man what his own flesh and blood wouldn't do. I know that; and I won't have no more of it. Mary Anne, you'll have that table cleared out after breakfast to-morrow." When a man, to whom his wife is usually Polly, addresses her as Mary Anne, then it may be surmised that that man is in earnest. We knew that he was in earnest, and she knew it also.

"He wasn't drunk, John, — no, nor yet in liquor, when he come and took away that box this afternoon." We understood this reiterated assertion. It was in some sort excusing to us her own breach of trust in having allowed the manuscript to be withdrawn from her own charge, or was assuring us that, at the worst, she had not been guilty of the impropriety of allowing the man to take it away when he was unfit to have it in his charge. As for blaming her, who could have thought of it? Had Mackenzie at any time chosen to pass down-stairs with the box in his hands, it was not to be expected that she should stop him violently. And now that he had done so, we could not blame her; but we felt that a great weight had fallen upon our own hearts. If evil should come to the manuscript would not the Doctor's wrath fall upon us with a crushing weight? Something must be done at once. And we suggested that it would be well that somebody should go round to Cucumber Court. "I'd go as soon as look," said Mrs. Grimes, "but he won't let me."

"You don't stir a foot out of this to-night; — not that way," said Mr. Grimes.

"Who wants to stir?" said Mrs. Grimes.

We felt that there was something more to be told than we had yet heard, and a great fear fell upon us. The woman's manner to us was altered, and we were sure that this had come not from altered feelings on her

part, but from circumstances which had frightened her. It was not her husband that she feared, but the truth of something that her husband had said to her. "If there is anything more to tell, for God's sake tell it," we said, addressing ourselves rather to the man than to the woman. Then Grimes did tell us his story. On the previous evening Mackenzie had received three or four sovereigns from Mrs. Grimes, being, of course, a portion of the Doctor's payments; and early on that morning all Liquorpond Street had been in a state of excitement with the drunken fury of Mackenzie's wife. She had found her way into the Spotted Dog, and was being actually extruded by the strength of Grimes himself, — of Grimes, who had been brought down from his bed-room by the row when he was only half-dressed, — when Mackenzie himself, equally drunk, appeared upon the scene. "No, John; — not equally drunk," said Mrs. Grimes. "Bother!" exclaimed her husband, going on with his story. The man had struggled to take the woman by the arm, and the two had fallen and rolled in the street together. "I was looking out of the window, and it was awful to see," said Mrs. Grimes. We felt that it was "awful to hear." A man, — and such a man, rolling in the gutter with a drunken woman, — himself drunk, — and that woman his wife! "There ain't to be no more of it at the Spotted Dog; that's all," said John Grimes, as he finished his part of the story.

Then, at last, Mrs. Grimes became voluble. All this had occurred before nine in the morning. "The woman must have been at it all night," she said. "So must the man," said John. "Anyways he came back about dinner, and he was sober then. I asked him not to go up, and offered to make him a cup of tea. It was just as you'd gone out after dinner, John."

"He won't have no more tea here," said John.

"And he didn't have any then. He wouldn't, he said to me, but went up-stairs. What was I to do? I couldn't tell him as he shouldn't. Well; — during the row in the morning John had said something as to Mackenzie not coming about the premises any more."

"Of course I did," said Grimes.

"He was a little cut, then, no doubt," continued the lady; "and I didn't think as he would have noticed what John had said."

"I mean it to be noticed now."

"He had noticed it then, sir, though he wasn't just as he should be at that hour of

the morning. Well;—what does he do? He goes up-stairs and packs up all the papers at once. Leastways, that's as I suppose. They ain't there now. You can go and look if you please, sir. Well; when he came down, whether I was in the kitchen,—though it isn't often as my eyes is off the bar, or in the tap-room, or busy drawing, which I do do sometimes, sir, when there are a many calling for liquor, I can't say;—but if I ain't never to stand upright again, I didn't see him pass out with the box. But Miss Wilcox did. You can ask her." Miss Wilcox was the young lady in the bar, whom we did not think ourselves called upon to examine, feeling no doubt whatever as to the fact of the box having been taken away by Mackenzie. In all this Mrs. Grimes seemed to defend herself, as though some serious charge was to be brought against her; whereas all that she had done had been done out of pure charity; and in exercising her charity towards Mackenzie she had shown an almost exaggerated kindness towards ourselves.

"If there's anything wrong, it isn't your fault," we said.

"Nor yet mine," said John Grimes.

"No, indeed," we replied.

"It ain't none of our faults," continued he; "only this:—you can't wash a black-moor white, nor it ain't no use trying. He don't come here any more, that's all. A man in drink we don't mind. We has to put up with it. And they ain't that tarnation desperate as is a woman. As long as a man can keep his legs he'll try to steady hisself; but there is women who, when they've liquor, gets a fury for rampaging. There ain't a many as can beat this one, sir. She's that strong, it took four of us to hold her; though she can't hardly do a stroke of work, she's that weak when she's sober."

We had now heard the whole story, and, while hearing it, had determined that it was our duty to go round into Cucumber Court and seek the manuscript and the box. We were unwilling to pry into the wretchedness of the man's home; but something was due to the Doctor; and we had to make that appointment for the morrow, if it were still possible that such an appointment should be kept. We asked for the number of the house, remembering well the entrance into the court. Then there was a whisper between John and his wife, and the husband offered to accompany us. "It's a roughish place," he said, "but they know me." "He'd better go along with you," said Mrs. Grimes. We, of course, were glad of such companionship, and glad also to find that the landlord, upon whom we had inflicted

so much trouble, was still sufficiently our friend to take this trouble on our behalf.

"It's a dreary place enough," said Grimes, as he led us up the narrow archway. Indeed it was a dreary place. The court spread itself a little in breadth, but very little, when the passage was passed, and there were houses on each side of it. There was neither gutter nor, as far as we saw, drain, but the broken flags were slippery with moist mud, and here and there, strewed about between the houses, there were the remains of cabbages and turnip-tops. The place swarmed with children, over whom one ghastly gas-lamp at the end of the court threw a flickering and uncertain light. There was a clamour of scolding voices, to which it seemed that no heed was paid; and there was a smell of damp, rotting nastiness, amidst which it seemed to us to be almost impossible that life should be continued. Grimes led the way, without further speech, to the middle house on the left hand of the court, and asked a man who was sitting on the low threshold of the door whether Mackenzie was within. "So that be you, Muster Grimes; be it?" said the man, without stirring. "Yes, he's there I guess, but they've been and took her." Then we passed on into the house. "No matter about that," said the man, as we apologized for kicking him in our passage. He had not moved, and it had been impossible to enter without kicking him.

It seemed that Mackenzie held the two rooms on the ground floor, and we entered them at once. There was no light, but we could see the glimmer of a fire in the grate; and presently we became aware of the presence of children. Grimes asked after Mackenzie, and a girl's voice told us that he was in the inner room. The publican then demanded a light, and the girl, with some hesitation, lit the end of a farthing candle, which was fixed in a small bottle. We endeavoured to look round the room by the glimmer which this afforded, but could see nothing but the presence of four children, three of whom seemed to be seated in apathy on the floor. Grimes, taking the candle in his hand, passed at once into the other room, and we followed him. Holding the bottle something over his head he contrived to throw a gleam of light upon one of the two beds with which the room was fitted, and there we saw the body of Julius Mackenzie stretched in the torpor of dead intoxication. His head lay against the wall, his body was across the bed, and his feet dangled on to the floor. He still wore his dirty boots, and his clothes as he had worn them in the morning. No sight so piteous,

so wretched, and at the same time so eloquent had we ever seen before. His eyes were closed, and the light of his face was therefore quenched. His mouth was open, and the slaver had fallen upon his beard. His dark, clotted hair had been pulled over his face by the unconscious movement of his hands. There came from him a stertorous sound of breathing, as though he were being choked by the attitude in which he lay; and even in his drunkenness there was an uneasy twitching as of pain about his face. And there sat, and had been sitting for hours past, the four children in the other room, knowing the condition of the parent whom they most respected, but not even endeavouring to do anything for his comfort. What could they do? They knew, by long training and thorough experience, that a fit of drunkenness had to be got out of by sleep. To them there was nothing shocking in it. It was but a periodical misfortune. "She'll have to own he's been and done it now," said Grimes, looking down upon the man, and alluding to his wife's good-natured obstinacy. He handed the candle to us, and, with a mixture of tenderness and roughness, of which the roughness was only in the manner and the tenderness was real, he raised Mackenzie's head and placed it on the bolster, and lifted the man's legs on to the bed. Then he took off the man's boots, and the old silk handkerchief from the neck, and pulled the trousers straight, and arranged the folds of the coat. It was almost as though he were laying out one that was dead. The eldest girl was now standing by us, and Grimes asked her how long her father had been in that condition. "Jack Hoggart brought him in just afore it was dark," said the girl. Then it was explained to us that Jack Hoggart was the man whom we had seen sitting on the door-step.

"And your mother?" asked Grimes.

"The perlice took her afore dinner."

"And you children;—what have you had to eat?" In answer to this the girl only shook her head. Grimes took no immediate notice of this, but called the drunken man by his name, and shook his shoulder, and looked round to a broken ewer which stood on the little table, for water to dash upon him;—but there was no water in the jug. He called again, and repeated the shaking, and at last Mackenzie opened his eyes, and in a dull, half-conscious manner looked up at us. "Come, my man," said Grimes, "shake this off and have done with it."

"Haden't you better try to get up?" we asked.

There was a faint attempt at rising, then a smile,—a smile which was terrible to witness, so sad was all which it said; then a look of utter, abject misery, coming as we thought from a momentary remembrance of his degradation; and after that he sank back in the dull, brutal, painless, death-like apathy of absolute unconsciousness.

"It'll be morning afore he'll move," said the girl.

"She's about right," said Grimes. "He's got it too heavy for us to do anything but just leave him. We'll take a look for the box and papers."

And the man upon whom we were looking down had been born a gentleman, and was a finished scholar,—one so well educated, so ripe in literary acquirement, that we knew few whom we could call his equal! Judging of the matter by the light of our reason, we cannot say that the horror of the scene should have been enhanced to us by these recollections. Had the man been a shoemaker or a coal-heaver there would have been enough of tragedy in it to make an angel weep,—that sight of the child standing by the bedside of her drunken father, while the other parent was away in custody,—and in no degree shocked at what she saw, because the thing was so common to her! But the thought of what the man had been, of what he might have been, and the steps by which he had brought himself to the foul degradation which we witnessed, filled us with a dismay which we should hardly have felt had the gifts which he had polluted and the intellect which he had wasted been less capable of noble uses.

Our purpose in coming to the court was to rescue the Doctor's papers from danger, and we turned to accompany Grimes into the other room. As we did so the publican asked the girl if she knew anything of a black box which her father had taken away from the Spotted Dog. "The box is here," said the girl.

"And the papers?" asked Grimes. Thereupon the girl shook her head, and we both hurried into the outer room. I hardly know who first discovered the sight which we encountered, or whether it was shown to us by the child. The whole fire-place was strewn with half-burnt sheets of manuscript. There were scraps of pages of which almost the whole had been destroyed, others which were hardly more than scorched, and heaps of paper-ashes all lying tumbled together about the fender. We went down on our knees to examine them, thinking at the moment that the poor creature might in his despair have burned his own work and have spared that of the Doctor. But it was not

so. We found scores of charred pages of the Doctor's elaborate handwriting. By this time Grimes had found the open box, and we perceived that the sheets remaining in it were tumbled and huddled together in absolute confusion. There were pages of the various volumes mixed with those which Mackenzie himself had written, and they were all crushed, and rolled, and twisted, as though they had been thrust thither as waste-paper,—out of the way. "Twas mother as done it," said the girl, "and we put 'em back again when the perlice took her."

There was nothing more to learn,—nothing more by the hearing which any useful clue could be obtained. What had been the exact course of the scenes which had been enacted there that morning it little booted us to inquire. It was enough and more than enough that we knew that the mischief had been done. We went down on our knees before the fire, and rescued from the ashes with our hands every fragment of manuscript that we could find. Then we put the mass altogether in the box, and gazed upon the wretched remnants almost in tears. "You'd better go and get a bit of some 'at to eat," said Grimes, banding a coin to the elder girl. "It's hard on them to starve 'cause their father's drunk, sir." Then he took the closed box in his hand, and we followed him out into the street. "I'll send or step up and look after him to-morrow," said Grimes, as he put us and the box into a cab. We little thought that when we made to the drunkard that foolish request to arise, that we should never speak to him again.

As we returned to our office in the cab that we might deposit the box there ready for the following day, our mind was chiefly occupied in thinking over the undeserved grievances which had fallen upon ourselves. We had been moved by the charitable desire to do services to two different persons,—to the learned Doctor, and to the red-nosed drunkard, and this had come of it! There had been nothing for us to gain by assisting either the one or the other. We had taken infinite trouble, attempting to bring together two men who wanted each other's services,—working hard in sheer benevolence;—and what had been the result? We had spent half-an-hour on our knees in the undignified and almost disreputable work of raking among Mrs. Mackenzie's cinders, and now we had to face the anger, the dismay, the reproach, and,—worse than all,—the agony of the Doctor. As to Mackenzie,—we asserted to ourselves again and again that nothing further

could be done for him. He had made his bed, and he must lie upon it; but, oh! why,—why had we attempted to meddle with a being so degraded? We got out at our office door, thinking of the Doctor's countenance as we should see it on the morrow. Our heart sank within us, and we asked ourselves, if it was so bad with us now, how would be with us when we returned to the place on the following morning.

But on the following morning we did return. No doubt each individual reader to whom we address ourselves has at some period felt that indescribable load of personal, short-lived care, which causes the heart to sink down into the boots. It is not great grief that does it;—nor is it excessive fear; but the unpleasant operation comes from the mixture of the two. It is the anticipation of some imperfectly understood evil that does it,—some evil out of which there might perhaps be an escape if we could only see the way. In this case we saw no way out of it. The Doctor was to be with us at one o'clock, and he would come with smiles, expecting to meet his learned colleague. How should we break it to the Doctor? We might indeed send to him, putting off the meeting, but the advantage coming from that would be slight, if any. We must see the injured Grecian sooner or later; and we had resolved, much as we feared, that the evil hour should not be postponed. We spent an hour that morning in arranging the fragments. Of the first volume about a third had been destroyed. Of the second nearly every page had been either burned or mutilated. Of the third but little had been injured. Mackenzie's own work had fared better than the Doctor's; but there was no comfort in that. After what had passed I thought it quite improbable that the Doctor would make any use of Mackenzie's work. So much of the manuscript as could still be placed in continuous pages, we laid out upon the table, volume by volume,—that in the middle sinking down from its original goodly bulk almost to the dimensions of a poor sermon;—and the half-burned bits we left in the box. Then we sat ourselves down at our accustomed table, and pretended to try to work. Our ears were very sharp, and we heard the Doctor's step upon our stairs within a minute or two of the appointed time. Our heart went to the very toes of our boots. We shuffled in our chair, rose from it, and sat down again,—and were conscious that we were not equal to the occasion. Hitherto we had, after some mild literary form, patronized the Doctor,—as a man of letters in town will patronize his literary friend from

the country;—but we now feared him as a truant school-boy fears his master. And yet it was so necessary that we should wear some air of self-assurance!

In a moment he was with us, wearing that bland smile, which we knew so well, and which at the present moment almost overpowered us. We had been sure that he would wear that smile, and had especially feared it. "Ah," said he, grasping us by the hand, "I thought I should have been late. I see that our friend is not here yet."

"Doctor," we replied, "a great misfortune has happened."

"A great misfortune! Mr. Mackenzie is not dead?"

"No;—he is not dead. Perhaps it would have been better that he had died long since. He has destroyed your manuscript." The Doctor's face fell, and his hands at the same time, and he stood looking at us. "I need not tell you, Doctor, what my feelings are, and how great my remorse."

"Destroyed it!" Then we took him by the hand and led him to the table. He turned first upon the appetizing and comparatively uninjured third volume, and seemed to think that we had hoaxed him. "This is not destroyed," he said, with a smile. But before I could explain anything, his hands were among the fragments in the box. "As I am a living man, they have burned it!" he exclaimed. "I—I—I—" Then he turned from me, and walked twice the length of the room, backwards and forwards, while we stood still, patiently waiting the explosion of his wrath. "My friend," he said, when his walk was over, "a great man underwent the same sorrow. Newton's manuscript was burned. I will take it home with me, and we will say no more about it." I never thought very much of the Doctor as a divine, but I hold him to have been as good a Christian as I ever met.

But that plan of his of saying no more about it could not quite be carried out. I was endeavouring to explain to him, as I thought it necessary to do, the circumstances of the case, and he was protesting his indifference to any such details, when there came a knock at the door, and the boy who waited on us below ushered Mrs. Grimes into the room. As the reader is aware, we had, during the last two months, become very intimate with the landlady of the Spotted Dog, but we had never hitherto had the pleasure of seeing her outside her own house. "Oh, Mr. —" she began, and then she paused, seeing the Doctor.

We thought it expedient that there should be some introduction. "Mrs. Grimes,"

we said, "this is the gentleman whose invaluable manuscript has been destroyed by that unfortunate drunkard."

"Oh, then;—you're the Doctor, sir?" The Doctor bowed and smiled. His heart must have been very heavy, but he bowed politely and smiled sweetly. "Oh, dear," she said, "I don't know how to tell you!"

"To tell us what?" asked the Doctor.

"What has happened since?" we demanded. The woman stood shaking before us, and then sank into a chair. Then arose to us at the moment some idea that the drunken woman, in her mad rage, had done some great damage to the Spotted Dog,—had set fire to the house, or injured Mr. Grimes personally, or perhaps run a muck amidst the jugs and pitchers, window glass, and gas lights. Something had been done which would give the Grimeses a pecuniary claim on me or on the Doctor, and the woman had been sent hither to make the first protest. Oh,—when should I see the last of the results of my imprudence in having attempted to befriend such a one as Julius Mackenzie! "If you have anything to tell, you had better tell it," we said, gravely.

"He's been, and —"

"Not destroyed himself?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh yes, sir. He have indeed,—from ear to ear,—and is now a lying at the Spotted Dog!"

* * * * *

And so, after all, that was the end of Julius Mackenzie! We need hardly say that our feelings, which up to that moment had been very hostile to the man, underwent a sudden revulsion. Poor, overburdened, struggling, ill-used, abandoned creature! The world had been hard upon him, with a severity which almost induced one to make complaint against omnipotence. The poor wretch had been willing to work, had been industrious in his calling, had had capacity for work; and he had also struggled gallantly against his evil fate, had recognized and endeavoured to perform his duty to his children and to the miserable woman who had brought him to his ruin! And that sin of drunkenness had seemed to us to be in him rather the reflex of her vice than the result of his own vicious tendencies. Still it might be doubtful whether she had not learned the vice from him. They had both in truth been drunkards as long as they had been known in the neighbourhood of the Spotted Dog; but it was stated by all who had known them there that he was never seen to be drunk unless when she had disgraced him by the public exposure of her

own abomination. Such as he was he had now come to his end! This was the upshot of his loud claims for liberty from his youth upwards;—liberty as against his father and family; liberty as against his college tutor; liberty as against all pastors, masters, and instructors; liberty as against the conventional thralldom of the world! He was now lying a wretched corpse at the Spotted Dog, with his throat cut from ear to ear, till the coroner's jury should have decided whether or not they would call him a suicide!

Mrs. Grimes had come to tell us that the coroner was to be at the Spotted Dog at four o'clock, and to say that her husband hoped that we would be present. We had seen Mackenzie so lately, and had so much to do with the employment of the last days of his life, that we could not refuse this request though it came accompanied by no legal summons. Then Mrs. Grimes again became voluble, and poured out to us her biography of Mackenzie as far as she knew it. He had been married to the woman ten years, and certainly had been a drunkard before he married her. "As for her, she'd been well-nigh suckled on gin," said Mrs. Grimes, "though he didn't know it, poor fellow." Whether this was true or not, she had certainly taken to drink soon after her marriage, and then his life had been passed in alternate fits of despondency and of desperate efforts to improve his own condition and that of his children. Mrs. Grimes declared to us that when the fit came on them,—when the woman had begun and the man had followed,—they would expend upon drink in two days what would have kept the family for a fortnight. "They say as how it was nothing for them to swallow forty shillings' worth of gin in forty-eight hours." The Doctor held up his hands in horror. "And it didn't, none of it, come our way," said Mrs. Grimes. "Indeed, John wouldn't let us serve it for 'em."

She sat there for half-an-hour, and during the whole time she was telling us of the man's life; but the reader will already have heard more than enough of it. By what immediate demon the woman had been instigated to burn the husband's work almost immediately on its production within her own home, we never heard. Doubtless there had been some terrible scene in which the man's sufferings must have been carried almost beyond endurance. "And he had feelings, sir, he had," said Mrs. Grimes; "he knew as a woman should be decent, and a man's wife especial; I'm sure we pitied him so, John and I, that we could have cried over him. John would say a

hard word to him at times, but he'd have walked round London to do him a good turn. John ain't to say edicated hisself, but he do respect learning."

When she had told us all, Mrs. Grimes went, and we were left alone with the Doctor. He at once consented to accompany us to the Spotted Dog, and we spent the hour that still remained to us in discussing the fate of the unfortunate man. We doubt whether an allusion was made during the time to the burned manuscript. If so, it was certainly not made by the Doctor himself. The tragedy which had occurred in connection with it had made him feel it to be unfitting even to mention his own loss. That such a one should have gone to his account in such a manner, without hope, without belief, and without fear,—as Burley said to Bothwell, and Bothwell boasted to Burley,—that was the theme of the Doctor's discourse. "The mercy of God is infinite," he said, bowing his head, with closed eyes and folded hands. To threaten while the life is in the man is human. To believe in the execution of those threats when the life has passed away is almost beyond the power of humanity.

At the hour fixed we were at the Spotted Dog, and found there a crowd assembled. The coroner was already seated in Mrs. Grimes's little parlour, and the body as we were told had been laid out in the tap-room. The inquest was soon over. The fact that he had destroyed himself in the low state of physical suffering and mental despondency which followed his intoxication was not doubted. At the very time that he was doing it, his wife was being taken from the lock-up house to the police office in the police van. He was not penniless, for he had sent the children out with money for their breakfasts, giving special caution as to the youngest, a little toddling thing of three years old;—and then he had done it. The eldest girl, returning to the house, had found him lying dead upon the floor. We were called upon for our evidence, and went into the tap-room accompanied by the Doctor. Alas! the very table which had been dragged up-stairs into the landlady's bedroom with the charitable object of assisting Mackenzie in his work,—the table at which we had sat with him conning the Doctor's pages,—had now been dragged down again and was used for another purpose. We had little to say as to the matter, except that we had known the man to be industrious and capable, and that we had, alas! seen him utterly prostrated by drink on the evening before his death.

The saddest sight of all on this occasion

was the appearance of Mackenzie's wife, — whom we had never before seen. She had been brought there by a policeman, but whether she was still in custody we did not know. She had been dressed, either by the decency of the police or by the care of her neighbours, in an old black gown, which was a world too large and too long for her. And on her head there was a black bonnet which nearly enveloped her. She was a small woman, and, as far as we could judge from the glance we got of her face, pale, and worn, and wan. She had not such outward marks of a drunkard's career as those which poor Mackenzie always carried with him. She was taken up to the coroner, and what answers she gave to him were spoken in so low a voice that they did not reach us. The policeman, with whom we spoke, told us that she did not feel it much, — that she was callous now and beyond the power of mental suffering. "She's frightened just this minute, sir; but it isn't more than that," said the policeman. We gave one glance along the table at the burden which it bore, but we saw nothing beyond the outward lines of that which had so lately been the figure of a man. We should have liked to see the countenance once more. The morbid curiosity to see such horrid sights is strong with most of us. But we did not wish to be thought to wish to see it, — especially by our friend the Doctor, — and we abstained from pushing our way to the head of the table. The Doctor himself remained quiescent in the corner of the room the farthest from the spectacle. When the matter was submitted to them, the jury lost not a moment in declaring their verdict. They said that the man had destroyed himself while suffering under temporary insanity produced by intoxication. And that was the end of Julius Mackenzie, the scholar.

On the following day the Doctor returned to the country, taking with him our black box, to the continued use of which, as a sarcophagus, he had been made very welcome. For our share in bringing upon him the great catastrophe of his life, he never uttered to us, either by spoken or written word, a single reproach. That idea of suffering as the great philosopher had suffered seemed to comfort him. "If Newton bore it, surely I can," he said to us, with his bland smile, when we renewed the expression of our regret. Something passed between us, coming more from us than from him, as to the expediency of finding out some youthful scholar who could go down to the rectory, and reconstruct from its ruins the edifice of our friend's learning. The Doctor had given us some encouragement, and we

had begun to make inquiry, when we received the following letter: —

" — Rectory, — —, 18 —.

"Dear Mr. —, — You were so kind as to say that you would endeavour to find for me an assistant in arranging and reconstructing the fragments of my work on *The Metres of the Greek Dramatists*. Your promise has been an additional kindness." Dear, courteous, kind old gentleman! For we knew well that no slightest sting of sarcasm was intended to be conveyed in these words. "Your promise has been an additional kindness; but looking upon the matter carefully, and giving to it the best consideration in my power, I have determined to relinquish the design. That which has been destroyed cannot be replaced; and it may well be that it was not worth replacing. I am old now, and never could do again that which perhaps I was never fitted to do with any fair prospect of success. I will never turn again to the ashes of my unborn child; but will console myself with the memory of my grievance, knowing well, as I do so, that consolation from the severity of harsh but just criticism might have been more difficult to find. When I think of the end of my efforts as a scholar, my mind reverts to the terrible and fatal catastrophe of one whose scholarship was infinitely more finished and more ripe than mine.

"Whenever it may suit you to come into this part of the country, pray remember that it will give very great pleasure to myself and to my daughter to welcome you at our parsonage.

"Believe me to be,

"My dear Mr. —,

"Yours very sincerely,

" — — —."

We never have found the time to accept the Doctor's invitation, and our eyes have never again rested on the black box containing the ashes of the unborn child to which the Doctor will never turn again. We can picture him to ourselves standing, full of thought, with his hand upon the lid, but never venturing to turn the lock. Indeed we do not doubt but that the key of the box is put away among other secret treasures, a lock of his wife's hair, perhaps, and the little shoe of the boy who did not live long enough to stand at his father's knee. For a tender, soft-hearted man was the Doctor, and one who fed much on the memories of the past.

We often called upon Mr. and Mrs. Grimes at the Spotted Dog, and would sit there talking of Mackenzie and his family. The woman soon vanished out of the neigh-

bourhood, and no one there knew what was the fate of her or of her children. And then also Mr. Grimes went and took his wife with him. But they could not be said to vanish. Scratching his head one day, he told me with a dolorous voice that he had — made his fortune. "We've got as snug a little place as ever you see, just two mile out of Colchester," said Mrs. Grimes, triumphantly;—"with thirty acres of land just to amuse John. And as for the Spotted Dog, I'm that sick of it, another year'd wear me to a dry bone." We looked at her, and saw no tendency that way. And we looked at John, and thought that he was not triumphant.

Who followed Mr. and Mrs. Grimes at the Spotted Dog we have never visited Liquorpond Street to see.

From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.
JAMES BOSWELL.

THE sketch by Sir Thomas Lawrence of Boswell, prefixed to Mr. Murray's edition of Johnson's *Life*, illustrates with striking accuracy the saying of Hazlitt, that "A man's life may be a lie to himself and others; and yet a picture painted of him by a great artist would probably stamp his character." The busy vanity, the garrulous complacency of the man when out of sight of Dr. Johnson, as he may be supposed to have been when the portrait was etched, are brought out with all the humour and point of a caricature, without its exaggeration. The thin nose, that seems to sniff the air for information, has the sharp shrewdness of a Scotch accent. The small eyes, too much relieved by the high-arched eyebrows, twinkle with the exultation of victories not won—an expression contracted from a vigilant watching of Dr. Johnson, who when he spoke, spoke always for victory; the bleak lips, making by their protrusion an angle almost the size of the nose, proclaim Boswell's love of "drawing people out," a thirst for information at once droll and impertinent, but which finally embodied itself in a form that has been pronounced by Lord Macaulay the most interesting biography in the world; the ample chins, fold upon fold, tell of a strong affection, gross, and almost sottish, for port wine and tainted meats; whilst the folded arms, the slightly inclined posture, the strong and arrogant setting of the head, exhibit the self-importance, the shrewd understanding, not to be obscured by vanity, the imperturbable but artless ego-

tism, the clever inquisitiveness which have made him the best-despised and best-read writer in English literature.

The portraits handed down to us of Boswell by his contemporaries are mostly graphic; some of them are malignant, some bitter, some temperate; and those that are temperate are probably just. "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" asked a friend, of Goldsmith. "He is not a cur," replied Goldsmith; "you are too severe; he is only a burr. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking." Miss Burney thus caricatures the appearance of Boswell in Johnson's presence, when intent upon his note-taking: "The moment that voice burst forth, the attention which it excited on Mr. Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the doctor, and his mouth dropped down to catch every syllable that was uttered; nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing, as if hoping from it latently or mystically some information." But Hannah More calls Boswell "a very agreeable, good-natured man;" whilst Johnson, in writing to him, said, "I love you as a kind man, I respect you as a good-natured man, and hope in time to reverence you as a man of exemplary character;" and a little further on, "My regard for you is so radicated and fixed that it is become part of my mind, and cannot be effaced but by some cause uncommonly violent." This is flattering testimony; perhaps, if we dilute Johnson's opinion of Boswell with something of the contempt that was professed for him by those whom he lived amongst, we may get a fair idea of his true character.

It is in biography that Boswell, the prince of biographers, is treated with the most malevolence. Macaulay, whose nationality as a Scotchman, so pertinaciously claimed for him by Mr. Adam Black, might have silenced his contempt, if it could not enforce his esteem, calls Boswell a coxcomb and a bore, weak, vain, pushing, curious, and garrulous. Carlyle, in his criticism on Johnson's *Life*, is equally severe. Neither Forster nor Prior has spared him. But none of these has gone so far as Washington Irving. Every incident which Boswell himself relates of his own defeats and humiliations is collected and embodied by Irving into an overwhelming accusation of toadyism. He quotes Peter Pindar against Boswell with huge delight:—

O Boswell, Bozy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;

Thou jaecal . . .
 Bless'd be thy labours, most adventurous Bozzy,
 Bold rival of Sir John and Dame Piozzi;
 Heavens! with what laurels shall thy head be
 crown'd!

A grove, a forest shall thy ears surround!
 Yes! whilst the Rambler shall a comet blaze
 And gild a world of darkness with his rays,
 Thee too that world with wonderment shall hail,
 A lively bouncing cracker at his tail!

But should not the ingenuousness of Boswell's confessions have saved him from so much severity of criticism? The man who freely avows his humiliations may excite surprise and laughter; but he hardly deserves contempt. But the truth is, Irving, who attacks Boswell as a man, in reality dislikes him as a biographer. He is at a loss to divine the reason of Boswell's incessant and enthusiastic admiration of Dr. Johnson, and is indignant at the contempt which he manifested towards Goldsmith. Irving thinks Goldsmith a greater man than Johnson; Boswell held the contrary belief. The live critic has this advantage over the dead, that he is able to attack without fear of recrimination. There is, perhaps, truth in Irving's opinion of Boswell; but why so much severity?

Surveyed from the distance of sixty or seventy years Goldsmith is surely a very different man from the "Goldy" of the Literary Club. Irving knows him and loves him only as the author—as the absolute purist in style, the harmonious and exquisite depicter of English life and English manners, the sympathetic and deeply philosophic poet, the mild and assuasive satirist, the witty and brilliant dramatist; in the language of his epitaph,

*Affectuum potens at lenis dominator:
 Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,
 Oratone grandis, nitidus, venustus.*

Something of all this excellence is recognized by Boswell; but intimacy brought out the character: and the awkward, ugly man was for ever breaking through the idealism in which isolation or silence might have wrapped him. To Boswell, and not only to Boswell, but to Reynolds, Beauchamp, Langton, Nugent, and even Johnson, Goldsmith is not so much a poet and a thinker as a conceited little Irishman, chattering heedlessly as a magpie that his presence might not be overlooked, who struts about in a suit of ratteen lined with satin, and a pair of bloom-coloured breeches, and who gives to a Grub-street pauper the money that he owes to his tailor; who, when he writes on zoology or history merely translates into a purer idiom the mistakes

of wiser men; who is indebted to Johnson for the best lines in his best poems, and whose vanity was such that, according to Mrs. Gwyn, one of the Miss Hornecks, he "soon grew tired of Paris, the celebrity of his name not ensuring him that attention from its literary circles which the applause he received at home induced him to expect."

However impatiently Goldsmith's admirers may resent such a conclusion as this, a reference to the opinions of his contemporaries will only render it indisputable. Horace Walpole called him "an inspired idiot." Garrick's distich is too well known to repeat. Johnson, who really loved him, and who of all the clique had the highest appreciation of his genius, often spoke of him in the most contemptuous terms. Anecdotes of the estimation in which he was held are numerous. Boswell tells, by way of illustrating Goldsmith's vanity, how he went home with Mr. Burke to supper, after witnessing with impatience the dexterity of some puppets, and how he broke his shins by attempting to exhibit to the company how much better he could jump over a stick than the dolls. On one occasion Miss Reynolds, at a supper-party, toasted Dr. Goldsmith as the ugliest man she knew; whereupon a Mrs. Cholmondeley rose up, and offering Miss Reynolds her hand desired her better acquaintance; "thus," exclaimed Dr. Johnson, who was present, "the ancients at the commencement of their friendships used to sacrifice a beast between them." Burke's opinion of Goldsmith is conveyed in the following anecdote: "As Colonel O'Moore and Mr. Burke were walking to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on his way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the hotels in Leicester Square. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Mr. Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between him and me by-and-by at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke to tell him how he had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but after a good deal of pressing, said, 'That he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the Square.' Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. 'Why,' said Burke, 'did

you not exclaim as you were looking up at those women, "what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those *painted Jezabels*," while a man of your talent passed by unnoticed?" Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, 'Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?' 'Nay!' replied Burke; 'had you not said so, how should I have known it?' 'That's true,' answered Goldsmith, with great humility; 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish. *I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind.*'"

This anecdote is given on the authority of Mr. Croker, who had the story from Colonel O'Moore. Such authority might be questioned were the story not corroborated by many anecdotes of similar instances of Goldsmith's vanity. The multiplication of such anecdotes, however, could not render more strong than it is the testimony conveyed by Boswell to the undoubted contempt in which Goldsmith was held by his contemporaries. This contempt Boswell shared with the rest. But the severity with which he has been visited for it, seems hardly deserved when it is considered that the whole of his passages about Goldsmith put together, do not contain half as much acid as the verse of Garrick, or half as much cynical contempt as the sentence of Walpole. Boswell may well be excused for not having lived many years after his time; for many years it took to render Goldsmith appreciated as he is now appreciated, in spite of the admiration professed by Johnson in his epitaph, and which was endorsed by the signatures of the Round Robin.

The charge of abject toadyism has been preferred repeatedly and ably against Boswell. But it is almost invariably preferred through his connection with Johnson. His love of the friendship of those who had achieved fame or notoriety has been pointed out, but without much contempt; his heterogeneous assemblage of acquaintances, of Paoli and Lloyd, of Churchill and Wilkes, of Bickerstaff and Murphy, of Robert Levett and the keeper of Newgate, has been laughed at, but without much scorn for the passion which led him into such diversified society. It is as the biographer of Dr. Johnson that he is ridiculed as a toady; and yet it is certain that this charge has been advanced without fair consideration of the nature of the duties he had imposed upon himself. Than these duties nothing could be more difficult, nothing more delicate. Johnson turned friendless into London with nothing to live upon but an undigested mass of desultory reading, had been forced to battle through every form of complicated

indigence ere he reached even the phantom of independence. He who could find no friend when friendship would have been serviceable, turned a suspicious eye on friendship when it was offered after it was no longer needed. Capricious, irritable, contemptuous, his friends were forced to accept him as he himself had said every man should accept life—on the conditions under which he offered himself. Objectionable as those conditions might be, those who surrounded him felt them a light and easy restraint, when taken with the advantages which his friendship conferred. He had powers adequate to the highest occasions. He had a mind so copiously stored that even his bigotry is made profitable by the marrowy juices with which it is full fraught. He had abilities which set him at the head of an assembly comprising the most eminent professors the poetry, art, wit, and humour of the age had produced. It was but natural, that the admiration he excited and the submission he enforced should have been enthusiastically participated in by one whose mind was peculiarly adapted to appreciate his, and whose admiration was being constantly renewed and as constantly heightened by his unwearied attention to all that was said and all that was done by him whose life he had early resolved to write.

To collect materials for such a life was an occupation Boswell could not have pursued clandestinely. Memory might prove treacherous; it might be impossible to carry from the dinner-table all the good things, in their natural sequence of conversation, that had been said around it. To ensure veracity it was plain that notes of the conversation must be taken on the spot; and this mode of reporting could not escape the attention of the man whose words were being vigilantly set down. Johnson's capriciousness, his independence, and certainly his suspicion, would have made him savagely prohibit a less ingenious diplomatist than Boswell from violating what he himself would call the social statutes of domestic life, by committing to paper, for ultimate publicity, the conversations which were designed for hours dedicated to the relaxation of friendly gatherings. But with all Boswell's tact he came in for rebuffs which would have demolished a man of less pliability. "I will not be put to the question!" shouted the surly philosopher once, in reply to a number of Boswell's nimble but puerile questions asked in rapid succession. "Don't you consider, sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with *what* and *why*. What is this? What is that? Why is a cow's tail

long? Why is a fox's tail bushy?" "Why, sir," said Boswell, "you are so good that I venture to trouble you." "Sir," said Johnson, "my being so good is no reason for your being so ill."

Boswell's submission to such rebuffs, undoubtedly reads with but little credit to his character. But (1), rebuffs of a much coarser kind than these were being constantly administered by Johnson to men with whom he still remained very good friends. Take such illustrations as these:—Murphy and Johnson were conversing near the side of the scenes during the performance of "King Lear." Garrick coming off the stage, exclaimed, "You talk so loud, you destroy all my feelings."—"Prithee," said Johnson, "do not talk of feelings; Punch has no feelings."—Johnson was dining one day at Sir Joshua Reynolds' with a large and distinguished company, amongst whom was Mr. Israel Wilkes, brother of the "patriot." During the conversation Wilkes was about to make some remark, when Johnson's hatred of Wilkes' belongings breaking forth, he stopped him, exclaiming, "I hope, sir, what you are about to say may be better worth hearing than what you have said."—A Mr. Elliott, a barrister and a man of fashion, happening to speak in Dr. Johnson's presence with approbation of the laws and government of Venice, "Yes, sir, said Johnson, "all republican rascals think as you do."—Dr. Barnard, a worthy divine holding a high position in the Church of England, ventured before a large company to state his opinion to Dr. Johnson that men never improved after the age of forty-five. "That's not true, sir," said Johnson; "You, who are, perhaps, forty-eight, may still improve if you will try. I wish you would set about it; and I am afraid there is great room for it."—Such instances may be multiplied. Boswell's book is full of them, and they form the chief portion of the innumerable *ana* going under Johnson's name. And yet it was Johnson who laid it down as a maxim "never to speak of a man in his own presence. It is always indelicate, and may be offensive." If Boswell was not knocked down by Johnson's fist or cudgel, he was certainly more lucky than others who annoyed the doctor. And (2), it is to be remembered that Boswell was already far advanced in his book, when he was met by the petulance and insolence of his hero. It had already cost him much labour, and certainly much ridicule, to accomplish what he had already done; and it was not to be supposed that he was going to allow the most popular characteristic of Dr. Johnson—his

temper—to render so much past work abortive, or to demolish a scheme to the accomplishment of which he had pledged every hope of his heart. Once, and once only, Boswell took serious offence at the doctor's affronts, and absented himself for a week from his society. But a coarse piece of flattery soothed him and won him back. "I said to-day," said the injured man, "to Sir Joshua, when he observed that you tossed me sometimes, I don't care how often or how high he tosses me, when only friends are present, for then I fall upon soft ground; but I do not like falling on stones, which is the case when enemies are present. I think this is a pretty good image, sir."—"Sir," said Johnson, "it is one of the happiest I ever heard."

Whatever prejudice we may entertain towards Boswell, it is impossible to refuse him the merit of being one of the very greatest tacticians on record—a greater than Pope. His admiration of Johnson, his attention, his devotion, his obsequiousness, no doubt induced much of the contempt that has envy for its basis; Robertson protested, and Goldsmith grew angry; but he made no enemies; he lived on good terms with those whose memories he has immortalized, with Langton and Beauclerk, with Nugent and Davies, with a host of people who would never have been heard of but for him. And it is certain that whatever secret feelings may have animated them towards each other, between Boswell and Goldsmith there is no evidence to show that any avowed hostility or even dislike whatever subsisted.

It is no doubt his complete, and perhaps unparalleled, ingenuousness, that has procured him so much contempt. A perfect tactician in his conduct, he was as simple, and sometimes as silly in his writings as Goldsmith, whom he laughed at, was in his conversation. Many of his comments on Johnson's sayings really justify Lord Macaulay's criticism that he had "no wit, no humour," and exhibit him in as ridiculous a light as Mr. Croker is exhibited by many of the notes to his edition of the *Life*. In telling, for instance, the story of Johnson's remarking, in reply to a question, how he felt at the failure of "Irene," "Like the Monument," he says—"Johnson meant by this that he continued firm and unmoved as that column;" an explanation so ridiculously supererogatory as to imply an insult to the understanding of his readers. His "frame thrills" over the most ponderous, involved, and depressing bits of declamation in the *Rambler*. Speaking of the preface to the *Dictionary*, "one of its excellencies,"

says he, "has always struck me with peculiar admiration; I mean the perspicuity with which he has expressed scientific principles. As an instance of this, I will quote the following sentence: 'When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed, of senses in their own nature collateral?' " Irony could not have done more, had it selected as a specimen of the doctor's perspicuity, his definition of "Network":—"anything reticulated or decusated at equal distances, with interstices, between the intersections." He talks of Johnson's books, his manuscripts, his wig, his loose breeches, with the solemn emphasis of a Roman Catholic describing the condition of some canonised bones. In Johnson's lodgings he is Gulliver at Laputa; and his insensibility to the ridiculous is manifested in the artless manner in which he misses the obvious and ludicrous implications of his minute confessions.

His ingenueness, indeed, is nowhere better illustrated than by his account of his introduction to Johnson at Davies' shop in Covent Garden. It may be confidently asserted that there is nothing in English literature more exquisitely absurd than the particulars of this interview. He had read the *Rambler*, and he had read *Rasselas*, and from both these works he had imbibed the most extraordinary notions of the awful being of Johnson. He was possessed, he says, "of a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to himself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which he supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London." He was in Davies' back-parlour when Johnson unexpectedly entered the shop, and Mr. Davies announced his awful approach to him "somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my lord, it comes!'" He was much agitated, and begged Davies not to introduce him as a Scotchman. "But," said Davies, roguishly, "he comes from Scotland." "Mr. Johnson," piteously exclaimed Boswell, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." Johnson, turning quickly upon him, exclaimed sternly, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great number of your countrymen cannot help." Such candour admits us into a much closer intimacy with him, than his most laboured accounts of himself, his hopes, or his antecedents, procure for us. "One day," he says, "I owned to him that I was occasionally troubled with a fit of narrowness; 'why, sir,' said he, 'so am I, but I do not tell it.'" He has now and then bor-

rowed a shilling from me; and when I asked him for it again, seemed to be rather out of humour. A droll little circumstance once occurred, as if he meant to reprimand my minute exactness as a creditor; he thus addressed me; 'Boswell, lend me sixpence—not to be repaid.'"

It would be begging the question to concede that Boswell was a toady, but that his toadyism was a merit, inasmuch as it was the instrument of giving to the world one of the most entertaining and instructive books ever written. But this much may fairly be said: that if Boswell was a toady, his toadyism should not be converted into a reproach, since it has been capped by an issue of indefinite profit to English readers. But was Boswell a toady? was his conduct the insinuating, spaniel-like subserviency it has been declared to be? Reduced to simple terms, Boswell's iniquity seems to have been a love for notoriety or reputation: a thirst for communion with men distinguished either by genius or activity: by the genius of a Johnson, or the activity of a Wilkes. The obverse of the medal struck off by nature, representing the old laird of Auchinleck disgusted with his son for cultivating the acquaintance of a man who kept a school and called it an academy, is doubtless droll enough, but it is certainly more flattering to Boswell than to Boswell's father. It seems to us a pardonable ambition in a young man to solicit with eagerness—though that eagerness was at the onset pusillanimous—and to retain through unaffected admiration and veneration the friendship of a philosopher who occupies the most conspicuous position in English letters during the eighteenth century, and whose acquaintance was not less ardently desired by men whom posterity has not yet learnt to accredit with either obsequiousness or meanness. The mild, contemplative Langton was, certainly, at the onset, as enthusiastic an admirer of Johnson, as Boswell. He too, had read the *Rambler* and *Rasselas*, and such was his delight that he had travelled to London chiefly for the purpose of obtaining an introduction to the author. Langton's admiration contented itself with listening and applauding: Boswell's, with listening and recording. The distinction is enormous. It preserves Langton's character, and mutilates Boswell's. But Boswell's loss is posterity's gain. Langton remains embalmed in the narrative of Boswell, the perfect gentleman, the unaffected saint, the soft and courtly scholar. And yet, this much is certain: that without Boswell, Bennet Langton would not be more hopelessly forgotten than the man

who sold him snuff, or the tailor who fitted his breeches.

Boswell's character is not likely to call forth the slightest admiration, but his claims upon our regard are eminent enough to deserve the championship that has been hitherto denied him. His candour may, perhaps, merit all the severe literalness of construction that has been put upon it; but this candour merits an exemption from the harsh judgment with which justice should instruct us to deal only with those whose sneaking sins have been detected through no fault of their own. That he was a better man than he represents himself is certain, or it is most improbable that he would have retained for twenty years so strong a hold upon the affection of a man whose hatred of cant was only to be equalled by his suspicion of officious friendship. That Johnson had a sincere regard for him there is abundant evidence to show. The doctor's acute and forcible mind was hardly likely to be imposed upon for any length of time by a man whose friendship was wholly bottomed on selfishness, and who clung only to the coat-tails of his betters that he might be lifted out of the dust of obscurity. There was assuredly an unfeigned affection, a devoted admiration in Boswell's respect for Johnson. This has been allowed by Boswell's worst detractors; but it seems never to have occurred to his critics that such qualities as a pure admiration, an affectionate esteem, a loyal and a respectful veneration, are incompatible with the existence of such base mental deformities as those so persistently attributed to Boswell.

Macaulay pronounces Boswell to have been a young Scotch lawyer without wit, humour, or eloquence. The criticism is altogether too crushing. Many of his conversations with Johnson prove him to have had a very good stock of wit. Contrasted with Johnson's, it is, to be sure, poor; but isolated, it is considerable enough to rescue his pretensions from the historian's sneer. Humour he also had of a dry, Scotch kind; many of his descriptions, especially in his Tour, are made piquant and striking by frequent felicities, and by the sly quaintness of thought they vehicle. Eloquence he may perhaps want; but the harshest critic will not refuse to his style the merit of perspicuity, ease, and consistency.

The portrait given of Boswell by himself coincides, but without fulness, with the character exhibited by his work. He was disordered by frequent fits of hypochondriasis, a malady of which he might have been impatient, had not the similar complaint of Dr. Johnson made him cherish his melan-

choly as fitting him to a nearer equality with his hero. He was proud of his antecedents, and with reason; for the founder of his family belonged to an ancient line in Fife, and was rewarded by the barony of Auchinleck *pro bono et fidei servitio nobis præstito*. His great grandmother was the Countess of Kincardine, a member of a noble Dutch house, and his father was a judge of Scotland, a man who had been praised by Walter Scott as "an able lawyer, a good scholar, a strict presbyterian, and a wifg of the old Scottish cast." He was a zealous but a sensible Scotchman. Without being able to account for Johnson's prejudice against the Scotch, he had sense enough to comprehend that it was not a whit more malignant or intelligent than his Toryism. Sacheverell made Johnson hate the Whigs, and James II. made him hate the Scotch. His dogmatism forced him into consistency; and his consistency supported what to him were the two qualifications of a right-minded man. Whenever he could, he spoke of the Whigs as scoundrels, and the Scotch as animals. But in reality one form of government was as good to him as another form; and one kind of people as good as another kind. He may have professed to prefer the Irish to the Scotch; but the distinction he drew between them, when he compared the Irishman to a fly, and the Scotchman to a leech, exhibited rather a love of antithetical wit, than any decided repugnance to either. Boswell humoured his prejudices, and laughed at them. Many Scotchmen turned fiercely upon the doctor, and told him that one of his ancestors had been hung in Scotland, and had found that a Scottish tree was capable of supporting the weight of an Englishman. But Boswell acted with more wisdom; he exacerbated the doctor's antipathies that he might make capital of his remarks, and swell his book with epigrams and anecdotes which, but for his nimble pertinacity, would never have been provoked.

Had Boswell never met Johnson, his picture in the dress of a provincial lawyer at Auchinleck might have perpetuated his memory amongst his family, as a more honest man than they believed him to be. He himself confesses that his mind was "strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian æther;" but though his mind was fitted to admire, it was certainly not adapted to imitate, Johnson. His wit was sharp, and we can believe him when he says, talking of a colloquial combat with a friend, that flash followed flash, like throwing pinches of gunpowder into the fire—"it was all puff! puff!" But if he had Johnson's powder, he

had not Johnson's bullets; his piece could explode, but it could take no effect. The truth is, Boswell and Johnson mixed make but a sorry draught. When Boswell is himself, he is pleasant and excellent enough; but when he talks or acts, as he too often does talk or act, Boswell upon Johnson, he becomes a conceited puppy, well meriting the contempt in which he was secretly, and sometimes confessedly, held by his friends. Whatever he undertook, he undertook with eagerness and enthusiasm. Johnson comprehended his idiosyncrasy when he bade him clear his head of Corsica, a piece of advice that was lost, for he attended a jubilee in a hat surmounted with the letters "CORSIKA BOSWELL," and got caricatured for his folly in the *London Magazine*. He was passionately fond of seeing men hanged, and called the keeper of Newgate his esteemed friend. He was an admirable diplomatist, the Machiavelli of domestic life, an instance of which is shown in the method in which he procured a meeting at Dilly's, the bookseller, between Johnson and Wilkes. He was slow at taking offence, and was easily pacified. He appears to have been a faithful husband, a good father, and a loyal subject. He describes himself as "a gentleman who had thought more than any one had supposed, and had a pretty good stock of general learning and knowledge. He had all Dr. Johnson's principles, with some degree of relaxation. He had rather too little than too much prudence, and his imagination being lively, he often said things of which the effect was very different from the intention." Amongst his countrymen, he was esteemed as a good-natured, jolly fellow; and Johnson, in writing to him, says, "If general approbation will add anything to your enjoyment, I can tell you that I have heard you mentioned as a man whom everybody likes. I think life has little more to give."

From All the Year Round.
PAUL JONES RIGHTED.

OUR old conception of Paul Jones as a bearded ruffian with a pistol in each hand, and four more in his belt, striking an attitude on a flaming quarter-deck, must, we fear, be thrown into the dust heap, to which so many other historical bogies are daily being consigned.

By recent American writers, Paul Jones, whom we English have long since branded as a mere mischievous pirate, ranks as a great and successful naval commander, pa-

triot and hero, a Bayard indeed, without fear and without reproach. The interesting letters and documents on this subject collected some years ago by Colonel Sherburne, then Registrar of the Navy Department in Washington, go far to prove that Paul Jones was a much more honest, a much more intellectual, and a much more important person than we have hitherto given him credit for being.

The American version of the life of this singular man deserves attention. John Paul Jones, the son of a gardener, who lived in Artigland, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, was born in 1747. As a child Paul began to show predilections for the sea, his favourite haunt being a grassy eminence, from whence he could shout what he called his orders to vessels entering the port in Carse Thorne. Born on the edge of the Solway Firth, the boy took to the water as naturally as a duck does to the pond, and at twelve years old was sent to Whitehaven and bound apprentice to a merchant who traded with America, where Paul had an elder brother already married and settled. The death of this well-to-do brother in 1773 enabled Jones to carry out a scheme he had long entertained of spending a quiet and studious life in the country of his adoption. But the war just breaking out roused his old spirit of enterprise, and induced him to seek command under the new flag. In 1775 he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Alfred*, then lying before Philadelphia, and he hoisted the flag of Independence, as he always boasted, with his own hands, the first time it was ever displayed. We soon find him at work, taking forts at New Providence, and exchanging blows with English men-of-war. His first great difficulty was to get seamen, the sailors having for the most part joined the army when the war had first thrown them out of employment. Being placed in command of the sloop *Providence*, after helping to convoy vessels, Paul, in an incredibly short time, took, sunk, or burned sixteen sail (schooners and brigantines), destroyed part of our Newfoundland fisheries, and planned a chivalrous expedition to release the American prisoners employed in our coal pits at Cape Breton, a plan which only failed from the want of co-operation in a colleague. At the same time the zealous young adventurer made many valuable suggestions to the naval department, suggesting that all officers should pass an examination before appointment, urging a parity of rank between sea and land officers, and giving it as his opinion that a commander in the navy should be "a man of strong and well-connected sense,

with a tolerable education; a gentleman as well as a seaman, both in theory and practice; want of learning, and rude, ungente manners, being by no means characteristic of an officer." He also urged on Congress an imitation of English naval discipline, and advised liberality in the distribution of prize-money. After waiting long for a larger ship, in 1777 he was appointed to the *Ranger*, and despatched on an adventurous privateering cruise. It is supposed that this vessel was the first to bear the new national flag to Europe, touching at Nantes to obtain five hundred louis from the American Commissioner in Paris.

Paul now planned a descent on Whitehaven, to retaliate on us the injuries we had done on the American seaboard. We take Paul Jones's own version of the descent. He landed at night at Whitehaven with thirty-one volunteers in two boats. Unfortunately for the foragers, day began to dawn just as they reached the outer pier. A boat was, however, instantly despatched to set fire to the shipping on the north side of the harbour, Paul himself undertaking to burn that on the south. The walls were soon scaled; the cannon spiked in both forts, and the astonished and drowsy sentinels secured in the guard-house. To the commander's vexation, however, the party sent to fire the shipping on the north side returned in confusion, having failed to carry out their purpose, and having burnt out all their lantern candles. Jones, furious at this, set fire to a large ship that was aground, surrounded by at least one hundred and fifty others. A barrel of tar was poured upon the flames, and the conflagration soon spread. The Whitehaven people gathered at this, buzzing and angry; but Paul, pistol in hand, standing between them and the burning ship, drove them back in a frightened crowd. Releasing all their prisoners but three, as the boats could not carry them, Jones's men re-embarked without opposition. The moment the boats were well off, the Whitehaven people ran to the forts, but the thirty cannon lay all spiked, and there were only two dismounted guns on the beach which were available. With these the Cumberland men commenced a hot but ill-directed fire on the boats, Paul's men replying in bravado by discharging their pistols. Only one of Jones's men was missing, and in the descent no one on either side had been killed or wounded.

Standing over now for the Scotch shore, Paul arrived at noon at St. Mary's Isle, in hopes of capturing Lord Selkirk, and using him as a hostage to secure a fair exchange of prisoners during the war. He landed

with one boat only, and a very small party. Lord Selkirk being absent, Paul, according to his own despatch to Franklin, was on the point of leaving the island, when his officers began to complain of getting no plunder, whereas in America the English had not only destroyed rich men's houses, but burnt hovels, and carried off poor men's cows. The American captain, seeing no other means of gratifying his turbulent men, compelled Lady Selkirk to surrender family plate valued at six hundred and fifty pounds. This plate Paul afterwards purchased, and returned to the countess, with a romantic gallantry worthy of the days of chivalry.

About this time also Paul Jones went round to the Firth of Forth, and suddenly made his appearance off the "lang town of Kirkcaldy" to the horror of the Fifeshire people, who looked upon him as a devouring sea monster. While the people crowded the shore, watching the dreaded vessel, an eccentric old Presbyterian minister came pushing through the crowd, carrying an old arm-chair, which he jammed down close to low-water mark, the tide coming in, and commenced a prayer for a change of wind.

"Dinna send, O Lord," he said, "this vile pirate to strip the puir folk o' Kirkcaldy, for ye ken they are a' puir enough an' hae naething to spare. The puir women are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns are shrieking after them. He'll be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he'll do? He'll burn their houses, tak awa their duds, even to their very sarks, and wha kens but the bluidy villain might tak their lives? I canna tholl; I canna tholl. I hae been lang a faithfu' servant to ye, O Lord, but gin ye wanna turn the wind aboot, and blaw this scoondrel out o' our gate, I'll nae star a fut, but will joost sit here until the tide comes in and droons me. Sae tak yur wull of it." Luckily for the worthy minister the wind changed, and Paul Jones disappeared from the Fifeshire coast.

It was during this swoop along the English, Scotch, and Irish coasts, that Paul Jones was attacked, off Carrickfergus, by an English ship of war, the *Drake*, of twenty guns. The action lasted one hour and four minutes, when the English called for quarter, having lost their captain, lieutenant, and forty-two men. Their sails and rigging were entirely cut to pieces. Jones lost only three men, while five were wounded.

At this very time Paul Jones's bills were being dishonoured in France, while his officers and men wanted clothes, and he scarcely knew where to look for the morrow's dinner for himself and crews. Nevertheless, at this very juncture, Jones's restless and

ambitious mind projected many daring expeditions to alarm our coasts and injure our trade. He offered, with three frigates, to burn Whitehaven, and so stop the winter's supply of coal to Ireland. He wished to attack and destroy all the shipping of the Clyde, and also to burn Greenock and Port-Glasgow. He planned the destruction of the Campbeltown fishery, and of the coal shipping of Newcastle, and offered to intercept the English, West India or Baltic fleets, or to assail our Hudson Bay ships and Greenland fishery. Paul was always complaining to the French and American governments of the shameful inactivity in which he was kept for want of money and ships.

After months of painful suspense, chiefly occasioned by the jealousy of the French officers, the French Minister of Marine at last gave this intrepid man a ship, of forty-two guns, then lying at L'Orient, and this slow, half worn-out vessel Paul re-christened *Le Bon Homme Richard*, in compliment to Franklin's *Poor Richard*. There also sailed with him the *Alliance*, thirty-six guns, *Pallas*, thirty guns, *Cerf*, eighteen guns, and *Vengeance*, twelve guns. Jones, eager to fly his hawks at our Jamaica fleet, was also anxious to land at Leith, and levy a contribution of one hundred thousand pounds. This last daring scheme being prevented by a contrary wind, Paul Jones, after sweeping many prizes into his nets, fell in with our Baltic convoy (forty-one sail) off the Yorkshire coast. He instantly closed with our frigate, the *Serapis* (forty-four guns), by moonlight off Flamborough Head, which was crowded with spectators. At the same times the *Pallas* grappled with the *Countess of Scarborough* (twenty guns), the companion of the *Serapis*. This was the great moment of Paul Jones's life. The crew of the *Serapis* were picked men, and the ship just off the stocks. The crew of the *Bon Homme* was a motley one, consisting of Americans, English, French, Maltese, Portuguese, and Malays. The *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme* were so close together that the muzzles of the guns almost touched each other. The first hour it went badly for Paul Jones, according to his own account, and he writes, with evident honesty, the *Bon Homme* received several eighteen-pound shots below the water line, and her chief dependence, a battery of twelve-pounders, was silenced and abandoned. Six old ten-pounders on the lower gun-deck proved useless, and half of them burst, killing almost all the men stationed by them. Colonel de Chamillard, and twenty soldiers in the poop, deserted their station. The

purser, who commanded the guns on the quarter-deck, being dangerously wounded, Paul Jones had to take his place. The tops alone seconded the fire of his three small nine-pounders, and his efforts, with double-headed shot, to disable the masts of the *Serapis*. Three of Paul's under officers, the gunner, carpenter, and master-at-arms, began to talk of surrender, and even called to the English sailors for quarter. Two of these men were wounded, and dispirited the third, the carpenter, who was terrified because he knew the pumps of the *Bon Homme* were shot away, and believed the ship to be sinking. The gunner tried to strike the American colours, but a cannon ball had already shot them away. There were now five feet water in the hold, and fire had broken out in several parts of the ship, and even near the powder magazine. In the meantime, however, the *Serapis* was also on fire, and some hand grenades, dropped from the main-yard of the *Bon Homme*, fell on a heap of eighteen-pound cartridges, left by the powder-monkeys of the *Serapis* on the half-deserted upper deck. The explosion blew up about twenty English gunners and officers, stripping the clothes from their bodies, and scattering them here and there dangerously wounded. In less than an hour afterwards Captain Pierson, with his own hands, struck his flag, which had been nailed to his mast, none of his people daring to encounter the fire from the American's tops. The stubborn fight had lasted three hours and a half. *Le Bon Homme* could not have borne much more. She had three hundred and six men, out of three hundred and seventy-five, killed or wounded. The vessel was in great distress, and terribly mauled and battered. The counter and quarter on the lower deck were driven in; all her lower-deck guns were dismounted; she was on fire in several places, and there were six or seven feet water in the hold. She sank the next day, with many of her wounded, in spite of all Jones's efforts to bring her into port. The *Countess of Scarborough* was also taken, and brought into the Texel. The English convoy escaped safely into Scarborough.

Our government instantly memorialized (in vain) the Dutch government to surrender "the Scotch pirate and rebel" Paul Jones, and soon afterwards, for this and other grievances, declared war against the offending power. Light squadrons were sent to intercept Jones, and twenty men-of-war were employed in scouring the coast, but he returned safely to France in spite of all these efforts of his enemies. On arriving in Paris, Paul was loaded with honours,

the king presenting him with a superb sword, and decorating him with the order of military merit. The *Serapis* had cost our government fifty thousand pounds.

Soon after his return to America in 1782, Congress bestowed a gold medal on "the Chevalier Paul Jones" for his brilliant services at sea; and he was sent to solicit justice from the court of Denmark, which had detained two American prizes at Bergen and restored them to the English; but the Danish court denying his full powers as ambassador, Paul Jones returned to Paris.

In 1788, the restless knight-errant solicited from Congress the rank of rear-admiral, intending to enter the service of Russia, then at war with the Turks, and eager for volunteers of all nations. In writing to Mr. Jefferson to announce this intention, Jones says, "I have not forsaken a country that has had many disinterested and difficult proofs of my steady affection, for I can never renounce the glorious title of a citizen of the United States:" and he goes on to hint that the knowledge he would gain in Russia of conducting fleets and military operations might hereafter render him more useful to his adopted country. On his way to Russia, Paul Jones displayed his old energy. Finding the Gulf of Bothnia partly barred with ice, after several fruitless attempts to thread it in an open boat, he made the Swedish sailors steer for the Gulf of Finland, and after four hundred or five hundred miles of navigation landed at Revel. Such a voyage, and in a small fishing boat, had never before been made. At St. Petersburg all went well. The empress instantly made him rear-admiral, he was feasted for a fortnight at court, and welcome in the first society.

In the war against the Turks, Paul Jones seems to have distinguished himself, particularly at Oczakoff in 1788, where the Turks had resolved, if the wind had favoured them, to grapple with the Russians, then set fire to their own vessels, and perish with their enemies. As it was, half the Turkish fleet ran aground, and was burnt by Prince Nassau, while Oczakoff was taken by storm soon after. A rather too blunt and honest report of this victory led to Paul Jones's disgrace with Potemkin, who at once got him removed to the Northern seas, where he soon planned an expedition to the Mediterranean, to cut off the Turkish communication with Egypt and Spain and stop the supply of corn, rice, and coffee. He also wrote to the American government to induce them to chastise the Algerines, and by an alliance with Russia to obtain a free navigation of the Black Sea.

In a final memorial to Prince Potemkin, whose face was now averted from Paul Jones, the brave adventurer recapitulates his services against the Turks with more arrogance than was wise, when writing to so proud a favourite. He claims a victory over the Captain Pasha on the 7th of June, 1788, and another still more complete on the 27th. "It was I," he says, "who chased ashore two of the large Turkish galleys before the flotilla was ready to fire a shot. It was I who gave Suwarrow the idea of establishing a battery and breastworks, on the isthmus of Kimbourn. It was I who saved Cherson and Kimbourn, and made the enemy in their terror lose nine vessels of war in a precipitate flight. It was I who towed the floating batteries and boarded the Turkish galleys in advance of the line, whilst gentlemen, since over-rewarded, remained with the stragglers at the tail of their regiments, sheltered from danger. I alone," he continued, "was neither promoted or rewarded; while my enemies and rivals reaped all the honour, though they merited rather to have been punished for having burnt nine armed prizes with their crews, which were absolutely in our power, having previously run aground under our guns." The bold writer ends with honest indignation: "In fine, time will teach you, my lord, that I am neither a mountebank nor a swindler, but a man true and loyal. I rely upon the attachment and friendship which you promised me. I rely upon it, because I feel myself worthy of it. I reclaim your promise, because you are just, and I know you are a lover of truth." But it was of no avail. The intriguers conquered, and finally Paul Jones left Russia in disgust.

Returning to Paris, Paul Jones, indefatigable as ever, wrote to the American government, announcing his wish to embark in the French fleet of evolution, to acquire a wider knowledge which might make him more worthy of serving his adopted country. At Paris, Paul Jones seems to have been honoured and courted.

Paul's American biographer has taken due care to preserve and publish many fantastically sentimental love letters and love verses written by him. In one of his letters Paul says: "I am extremely sorry that the young English lady you mention should have imbibed the national hatred against me. Many of the first and fairest ladies of that nation are my friends. Indeed, I cannot imagine why any fair lady should be my enemy, since, upon the large scale of universal philanthropy, I feel acknowledged to bend before the sovereign power of

beauty. The English nation may hate me, but I will force them to esteem me too."

This somewhat Gasconading manner characterized all the despatches and letters of Paul Jones, about whom it must be allowed there was a little theatrical self-consciousness. The latter part of the life of the chevalier was spent in Holland and France. He died in Paris, of water on the chest, in 1792; although a Calvinist, his funeral was attended by a deputation of the National Assembly, and an oration was pronounced over his grave. The last will of Paul Jones describes him, as found by the two notaries employed, in a parlour on the first story above the entry in Tournon-street, in the house of M. Daubergne, tipstaff of the Third Precinct. He was sitting in an easy chair, sick in body, but was of sound mind, memory, judgment, and understanding. He left all his property to his two sisters. In 1851 the remains of Paul Jones were removed from Paris, and sent to America in the United States frigate, *St. Lawrence*, to be interred in the Congress Cemetery at Washington.

In looking over some government documents relating to Paul Jones, Colonel Sherburne, his biographer, discovered that on the eve of his return to America Paul Jones had paid into the hands of Mr. Jefferson, then minister in France, the sum of fifty thousand dollars — prize money due to the officers and men of the American squadron that had served in Europe. This sum was kept lying by from 1799 till 1839, when, after advertisements in the papers, various claimants came forward and received their shares, but without the thirty-seven years of interest properly due. It has been often wondered at why the American government never named a ship in honour of the memory of Paul Jones. It appears, however, that in 1834, Congress did vote a large sum of money for the building of a frigate to be called the *Paul Jones*; but the vessel was never built.

That Paul Jones was a captain of great courage, promptitude, and energy, there can be no doubt; but whether he could have manœuvred a fleet, and conducted more extended enterprises, is doubtful. His enemies always held that he was only useful as a sort of guerilla captain at sudden dashes, and touch-and-go attacks. The really great men of America and France, however, thought otherwise. Washington, delighted at the capture of one of England's crack frigates, wrote to Jones, speaking of the action as "the admiration of all the world." Lafayette was eager to crowd Jones's vessels with marines, to collect under his flag

every available vessel, and to give him carte blanche to harass the English coast. Adams, too, writing in 1782, says: "If I could see a prospect of half-a-dozen line-of-battle ships under the American flag, commanded by Commodore Paul Jones, engaged with an equal British force, I apprehend the event would be so glorious for the United States, and lay so sure a foundation of their prosperity, that it would be a rich compensation for a continuance of the war."

Paul Jones was never defeated, and never wounded. He seems to have had great acuteness in seeing what was possible and what was impracticable. His leading principle, evidently, was to revenge upon England the cruelties wrought by her soldiers in America. Money and plunder do not appear to have been the inducements that led Paul Jones to accomplish what he did. The American government was then poor, and not exact in its payments. Writing to the American commissioners in 1778 he says, with honest indignation: "I hope you do not mean to impute to me a desire to receive presents of the public money, or even to touch a dollar of it for my own private use. On the contrary, I need not now assert that I stepped forth at the beginning from nobler motives. My accounts before I left America testify that I am more than fifteen hundred pounds in advance for the public service, exclusive of any concern with the sloop of war *Ranger*; and as for wages, I have never received any." The Americans take a great pride in the fact that Paul Jones treated his men with kindness, seldom using the cat, and to this circumstance they attribute his constant successes. There is no doubt that he had some spy in our Admiralty; for among his papers was found a complete tabular list of every vessel, large or small, in the English navy, with its men, guns, tons, draught, and even the number of its boats stated.

Mischievous as Paul Jones was once to us, we can now afford to say that he was an indefatigable, chivalrous sailor, of clear, quick vision and sound judgment, who, with greater advantages, might have become, if not a Nelson, at least a Rodney or a Howe.

We have, we hope, written enough to show that Paul Jones was not the mere brutal pirate he was once supposed to be. He was rather one of those generous, fanatical adventurers whom the American Revolution aroused to fight for its cause. In a letter to Lafayette, Jones gives us his political creed with evident sincerity. "I am," he says, with the romantic enthusiasm of

his nature, "a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, mean distinctions of country or of climate, which diminish or set bounds to the benevolence of the heart. Impelled by principles of gratitude and philanthropy, I drew my sword at the beginning of the American Revolution, and when France so nobly espoused that great cause, no individual felt the obligation with truer gratitude than myself. As an American officer and man I affectionately love and respect the character and nation of France. His most Christian Majesty has very few of his own subjects who would bleed in his present cause with greater freedom than myself. At the same time I must lament the calamities of war, and wish, above all things, for an honourable, happy, and lasting peace. My fortune is not augmented by the part I have hitherto acted in the revolution, although I have had frequent opportunities of acquiring riches."

These are not the words of a murderous, unprincipled privateersman, but the calm utterances of a high-spirited, intrepid gentleman. The British government did not perhaps much over-estimate the man when, after the moonlight fight off Flamborough Head, they offered ten thousand guineas for the capture of Paul Jones.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE SUEZ CANAL.

A FEW weeks ago I bathed in the Suez Canal; and this is how it came to pass. At ten o'clock on a Friday morning, the big steamer that had brought me from Calcutta, found herself moored alongside the railway jetty at Suez, right in among the new and magnificent French docks. I remember Suez in 1860, then an Arab settlement, with the Peninsular Steam Company's Office for its sole centre of civilization—now, in 1870, full of European life and bustle, French cafés, engineering establishments, and puffing dredging-machines. Then, a dirty little fussy Arab steamer took you to and from the roaring leviathan that lay in the open roadstead—now, you are put ashore or on board at the dock-side as gently and unromantically as if at Blackwall pier, by—a flight of steps.

Abreast of the said big steamer that has been your floating home over coral reefs and fathoms deep of cold blue sea for a month past, stands, not twenty feet distant, the railway train, its track being over what, a very short time ago, was water and shifting sand-beds, among which cruel Jack Shark

played his merciless tricks. Well done, M. Lesseps and your countrymen! Away with all cavils and remarks as to subsequent policy. You have changed the face of this ancient land, and have, so far as Suez and the canal are concerned, thoroughly beaten my countrymen out of the field. English capitalists have missed an opportunity—which fact they are only now beginning to realize.

All the yellow-labelled luggage is now out of the steamer, and placed in the train. A few hearty adieus to the bronzed faces watching our departure from the ship's bulwarks, and we are seated in the railway carriages. Curiosities of all sorts are piled around us: my taste shews itself in Egyptian water-jars; my neighbour's in monkeys; that of his *vis-à-vis* in leopard skins and ostrich feathers.

These adjusted, on we start: a few fezes are bought from itinerant vendors who stand at the carriage-doors, at prices ranging from two to four shillings each. And here, I ask, who will explain how is it that each jolly round-faced Briton thinks that by wearing a cap with a red tassel, he is at once orientalized, and quite mistakable for a grave eastern cadi? In about twenty minutes, after having skirted the docks, been brought up in one direction, and then inexplicably shot back with a sharp turn in another, we find ourselves fighting with the Arab porters at the head Suez station in regard to the much-vexed question of *impedimenta*. The combat over, without wounded on either side, some of our party make their way to the *Suez Hotel*, feeling safe under the ægis of a countryman's sign-board. Less patriotically inclined, I, with two friends—one a worthy ship-captain, who has just left a fine tea-clipper, high and dry on a reef in the China seas; the other a Ceylon coffee-planter—wander, with a vagabond air, about the dusty roads, past the donkeys and the camels, past the pipe-stalls and the perfumery establishments, till we drop anchor at a café, primitive, much wood-work in its construction, but still essentially French. There is a protecting shade of planks over the doorway; and by all the memories of my youth and a St. Omer *pensionnat*, there, to be sure, are the fat M. Pierre and the lean M. Alphonse at a little game of dominoes, quite innocent to make pass the time. And with them the dissipated *eau sucrée*, and a suspicion of absinthe. Mr. Host, who is courtesy itself, does wonders; we dine admirably—two bottles of claret, five or six dainty little courses, and all for twelve francs; and as I know that fresh meat is two francs a pound in Suez, and that we have had the ostensi-

ble advantage of a real Nubian waiter all to ourselves, my readers will agree we did not suffer much in deserting the national flag.

It is now about three o'clock; the sinking sun glints in our eyes through the trellis-work, the good dinner is finished, and we have five hours before the train starts for Alexandria. Jones of the China reef says: "Let's go visit the canal." "Agreed," say Smith of Ceylon and Thompson of Calcutta.

"Mr. Host, please inform us what is that column of smoke arising from the desert over there, in a line with the French superintendent's house? It is apparently coming nearer to us."

"That, Messieurs, is a great English steamer, which left the Mediterranean yesterday, and is now on her way to Bombay; in about half an hour she will be in the Red Sea."

Hereat, Jones, who has been rather a disbeliever, opens his eyes. Smith remarks: "Ah, well, we shall see!" And quoth Thompson: "It is just possible; the question is, the permanency of the thing. And those infernal sand-storms, you know. What did Stephenson?"

"Never mind; let's have a peep."

There is no time to go round by land, and so we make terms with an Arab boat, that is to take us across the bay, near to the opening of the canal, and on returning us safe and sound, receive three francs from our host on our account.

Half an hour and a brisk breeze bring us to a primitive landing-place, composed of rough blocks of stone cast one upon another. We ascend these; and a dreary waste of tawny sand stretches before us, while the northern wind from the Egyptian desert blows in our faces. Headed by one of the Arabs, our party wades for half an hour or so through the grit and pebbles, stopping ever and anon to pick up some fossil shell nestling alongside a broken beer-bottle. Pharaoh and Allsopp sighing over a common ruin! Here and there, a wooden shanty struggling to be a café; two or three questionable Italians loitering about — perhaps some discharged labourers from the canal-works; a scorching sun; lazy yet ferocious pariah dogs, with out-lolled tongues, snapping at the flies which swarm about them; and a sloping sand-bank rising before us, and continuing to the right and left till it loses itself in a dim perspective of fiery earth and sky. Looking seawards, our hands shading our heated brows, there lies before us the ancient port of Suez — a clear line of blue shewing where sky melts

into water, and alive with craft of many nations. In the foreground, small Arab dhows flitting to and fro like swallows with whitened wings; farther on, hulks of old Turkish men-of-war or pilgrim-ships; and still farther away, till the eye loses itself in the glowing haze of the African mountains, are some of the huge monsters that form a floating link between the land of the setting and of the rising sun. *Quis separabit!*

Overhead, still the same brazen cruel sun; but hush! the waters of the canal are dabbling at our feet, and two giant seas kiss one another where we stand, and where the Egyptian hosts marched on to death. The appearance of the canal here is that of a great digging or cutting, in other words, an immense ditch in the sand half-filled with water. There is a total absence of masonry or brick-work. It is only fair, however, to remark that the undertaking is professedly incomplete at this point, and will receive subsequent attention.

What a sight for him who reflects upon the past, the present, and the future of this busy world! Here in the open sunburned desert, hardly a vestige of humanity, or life, or vegetation around us, to walk a mile or so across a sandy plain, then a few paces up an unguarded dike, and to find stretched at one's feet, this majestic, solemn, long-dreamed-about silent highway of the nations! I am sitting by an English fireside while I pen these lines; I flee from all commercial statistics, but the fact of a canal exists; and the poetry of the undertaking as I first absorbed it, that Friday afternoon, will dwell in my memory for ever.

The sun is steadily dying out in its bath of fire, the flat-roofed Suez houses are casting deeper shadows one upon the other, and some hundred yards from us, standing clear in the orient glow, is the figure of our Arab guide — his face Mecca-ward — intent on his prayers. It is time to return. The sensation of solitude is almost oppressive, and I feel — when

"Let's have a bathe," cries Smith, with his coat off, "just for the fun of the thing. I'm game, if you are — only, look out for sharks: I'm told that lots come up here, to get away from the noise of the docks."

The unromantic incident of towels is ignored. In we go; and this is how it came to pass that I bathed in the Suez Canal.

To be, or not to be? Yes, indeed, that is the question. Is the Suez Canal to realize the hopes of the courageous men to whom its accomplishment is due? The geographical question of joining the two seas is settled beyond shadow of doubt, and set

tled most satisfactorily. Big ocean-steamers are passing up and down daily, as easily as on the surface of the Thames or the Clyde. Within the last fortnight, the reader may have observed that the steamer *Brazilian*, with the largest cotton cargo ever shipped from Bombay, came through in a few hours without mishap, as did also the French mail-boat *Hooghly*; the latter thus initiating the direct postal service of the Messageries Company with the East. The P. and O. Company have not yet made the attempt with any of their steamers, but will have to do so, unless they wish to be left behind in the race, at least so far as the carrying of cargo is concerned. Shippers either to or from the East will certainly favour that line which does not expose their goods to the damage caused by transshipment to Egypt; and this applies with special force to the delicate article of silk, from China and Japan. Even in regard to the question of passengers, many persons in ill-health, families, and ladies will see advantage in being spared the necessity of changing from one ship to another, and of the fatiguing railroad journey through Egypt. It must not be overlooked that the experiences of the canal since its opening have been confined to the winter or pleasant months; and it will be curious to see, later on in the year, whether the same style of internal fitting-up and equipment will answer for a passenger steamer that we will suppose is, in September, in the terrific heat of the Red Sea, and, in October, in the cold breezes of the English Channel. Another point: during the winter months, the heat in the Red Sea is not so intense as to prevent Europeans from working on board ship; but as the summer advances, it will surely be necessary for a vessel arriving from England to have relays of native firemen, &c. awaiting her at Suez in dépôts. If the steamer be not one of an established line, how will she arrange for these? We shall also probably hear of occasional accidents in the Red Sea, owing to its difficult navigation, especially with ships whose officers are sailing there for the first time. Even the experienced commanders of the P. and O. Company, as a recent painful event shews, are not exempt from these contingencies. The effect of competition is beginning to shew itself, and already we see rates of passage reduced; and an influential firm at Marseilles is despatching a regular service of magnificent steamers direct to Bombay, at very low fares. Besides this, the Austrian Lloyds have a line from Trieste; and the numerous fine cargo-boats that one sees advertized from London and Liverpool,

via Suez Canal, will carry away a considerable quota of passengers. The haughty P. and O. Company will have to accommodate itself eventually more to the spirit of the times.

There is no doubt the commerce of the Mediterranean ports with the East will be largely benefited by the canal. Much of the cotton that has hitherto passed through English hands will go direct to Marseilles, Trieste, &c.; and we shall see a considerable influx in India of Small German and French commission houses. Competition there will be greater; there will be a larger trade in the fancy fabrics of the continent; profits will be smaller; markets will never run bare of stocks, for supplies will always be on the way; and, on the whole, returns will be quicker.

It is vain to express an opinion as to whether the canal will prove a financial success. This point I treat quite irrespective of the magnificence of the undertaking. The amount of money that it has cost is immense, and is only exactly known to those behind the scenes. The daily outlay for interest, and expenses of management, and repair, will require to be met by colossal earnings; and until there is a much larger steam-fleet than at present engaged in Eastern traffic, it is difficult to see how a sufficient income can be earned. There is no doubt, however, that, eventually, sailing-ships to India and China will be things of the past, and it is equally certain that one effect of Mr. Lesseps' scheme will be irretrievably to lower the scale of freights by the long sea-route. Property held in sailing-ships will be correspondingly depreciated in value. From Bombay to Suez by steam is, say, fourteen days; through the canal, one more; and from Port Said to Liverpool, another fourteen—in all, say, thirty days, in which time the Bombay shipper knows his cotton will be lying under the sheds at Liverpool. Compare this with the uncertainty of “*via the Cape*.” A friend of mine, who commands one of the finest and fastest iron ships out of Liverpool, and who knows every inch of the ground to India, sailed from Bombay a few months ago, and, for want of a wind, was one hundred and seventy-five days before he reached home! Think of the wages, wear and tear, provisions, interest on capital, &c., all lying unproductive on the bosom of the ocean.

What will it cost to keep the canal clear? A considerable sum annually, no doubt; but there is nothing impracticable in the matter. Much exaggerated talk has gone forth about the danger of its “silting up.” The vegetation which is springing up on both

sides in many parts will do much to diminish the effects of the drift sand. The banks of the Sweet-water Canal have been planted with trees, and, as these grow up, it is expected that beneficial showers of rain will be attracted.

One awkward contingency, however, in connection with this, like all other canal navigation, must not be forgotten: if perchance any vessel run aground or sink in mid-channel, every ship either in front of or behind her will have to wait till the obstacle be removed.

I must now bring my reflections to a close. They are based on what I have read, what I have seen, and what I have heard people in India and Egypt, afloat and ashore, express, for and against Mr. Lesseps' great work. Distances and measurements I have not referred to, as these have been so fully given in the public journals.

From The Pall Mall Gazette, 26 Mar.
THE PROPOSED TUNNEL TO FRANCE.

THE Theatre of the Royal Institution was crowded on Friday week to hear an address from Mr. J. F. Bateman, F.R.S., M. Inst. C. E., on the proposed subway to France, which he and Mr. J. J. Révy, M. Inst. C. E., have recently brought before public attention. Sir Henry Holland occupied the chair, and among those who were present were Sir Thomas Fairbairn, Sir Charles Wheatstone, Sir Walter Stirling, Sir Henry James, Sir Thomas Henry, Mr. F. Pollock, Mr. Spottiswoode, &c. Mr. Bateman, after some introductory observations, said in a commercial point of view it would almost be impossible to over-estimate the advantages of having railway trains to pass from this country to the continent. Previous to 1830 the number of passengers who annually crossed the Channel in sailing ships was 80,000; when steamboats came into use the number was increased to 350,000 per year, and since railways had been constructed, 1,000,000 persons travelled from this country to the continent in the course of a year. There had been several plans suggested for uniting England with France; one was to construct a tunnel, another to bridge the Channel. A hundred years ago any scheme would have been regarded as Utopian; but within the last century almost every invention that showed the ingenuity of man, and that was of the greatest benefit to mankind, had been discovered. Only forty years had elapsed since the Manchester and Liverpool Railway had

been opened—the first in the kingdom. Sixty years ago the first cast-iron pipes were made for the conveyance of water. It was only fifty years since their towns were first lighted with gas; little more than thirty years had passed since the first steamboat crossed the Atlantic; and in less than thirty years the globe had been girdled with a band of lightning which flashed communication between this country and other countries with the quickness of thought. The aspirations of travellers were equally bold; and in a recent report to the Board of Trade Captain Tyler referred to a not distant period when the Indian traveller would pass dryshod from London to Bombay. One step towards the accomplishment of that hope would be the construction of a covered way from England to France. This he proposed to effect by means of a tube of cast-iron, 13 feet in diameter and 8 inches thick, to be laid below the sea from Dover to Cape Grisnez, a distance of 20 or 21 miles. The tube would be composed of rings 10 feet in length, formed of six different segments bolted together. It would be built up within the inside of a great horizontal chamber about 80 feet in length, which for convenience they had called a bell. This would be 18 feet in diameter and 8 inches thick, closed at one end and open at the other. After describing, with the aid of large diagrams, the construction of the bell and the means provided for its propulsion, he said the total weight of the bell was such as to allow of its nearly floating. To move it forward would require a pressure of about 1,500 tons; but the machinery was capable of exerting a pressure of 4,000 tons, and it would be sufficient to force aside any accumulation of sand, or to cut off any soft rock with which it might come in contact. To maintain the tube in its place piles would be driven into the ground as the work proceeded. One of the most important portions of the work was the construction of water-tight joints, so as to secure a perfectly dry chamber; and the mode of doing this was explained with considerable minuteness. They were perfectly satisfied that the bottom of the sea presented no obstacles; but he had applied to the Admiralty to have a closer examination made than had been done, and he believed his request would be granted. If there was the hard ground which they believed, there would be no difficulty in securing the tube to the bottom of the sea. By the mode proposed of forming the tube of joints they could rise over a rock or descend a hollow, or they could turn to the right or left to pass anything in the way. After explaining the

manner in which the rings would be fixed in their places within the tube, screwed, and pinned to the ground, Mr. Bateman proceeded to describe the arrangements for the supply of air. After the tube had been constructed the most important question to consider was how the line should be worked. He proved that it would be impossible to use locomotives; that passengers would be poisoned, and therefore the only plan was to work the traffic by pneumatic pressure. How this could be accomplished was explained in detail. His own contribution towards the proposal was, he said, very small; the chief credit was due to his colleague, Mr. Révy. The tube, he believed, could be constructed in five years, and would cost, allowing one million for contingencies, eight millions of money. This was a sum which would, he thought, allow of a handsome return being realized, and he hoped that the work would be accomplished.

From Allen's Indian Mail.

DEATHS FROM WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.

It has been reckoned that at least ten thousand people die every year in India of snake-bites. The new plan of injecting ammonia into the wounds may tend to diminish the number of deaths from snake-bite, if it succeeds in India as well as it has in Australia; but the havoc caused by tigers, leopards, and other wild beasts, if not greater in fact than it was some years ago, has at any rate been serious enough to draw from Lord Mayo a demand for help on the part of the local governments in devising measures to abate the evil.

Man-eating tigers are the special terror of the countryside. The taste for human flesh either grows with indulgence, or becomes a last resource of tigers of advanced age, whose energies are no longer equal to the demands of their appetite. We had always imagined that the latter was the true way of accounting for the ravages of the "man-eating" class, and the mangy appearance for which they are remarkable. It is certainly a curious fact that the tigers in the Oudh jungle seldom prey on man, being plentifully supplied with wild pig and other large game. There, too, they are such cowards that herdsmen armed with lathies, or iron-bound sticks, often drive them away from their own cattle. A driver of a mail-cart will also scare them away by merely sounding his bugle. Elsewhere, however, they are either bolder or have less choice of food. In the central provinces it is a

thing of yearly occurrence to hear that a man-eater has posted himself near some district-thoroughfare, whence he falls on unwary travellers and toiling peasants, until, emboldened by practice, he even carries off his prey from within the village inclosures. In the Chanda district alone one of these brutes killed, in a short time, 127 people, and stopped all traffic for many weeks on the road from Mool to Chanda. A tigress in Chindwarrah slew, according to native estimates, 150 people in three years, causing the abandonment of the villages, and throwing 250 square miles out of cultivation. Another old tigress in Kurnool carried off sixty-four human beings within nine months, stopped the post-runners and police-patrols, and scared away the labourers employed on public works. One of his victims was the head constable. The brute's average allowance seems to have been one man every three days. It was only by keeping together in numbers and making a horrible noise with "tomtoms" that travellers could safely pass that way. At last a broad strip of jungle was cleared away from either side the road, and in due time the beast was hunted down.

In the Bhagalpore district alone of Lower Bengal as many as 1,434 people were killed by wild beasts in six years. During the same period 13,401 deaths from wild beasts were reported for Bengal Proper, of which 4,218 are ascribed to tigers, 1,407 to leopards, 4,287 to wolves, 174 to hyenas, and 105 to bears; the balance being set down to boars, jackals, buffaloes, elephants, and mad dogs. On the other hand, it cost the Government £6,500 in rewards to secure the destruction in the same time of 18,196 wild beasts, of whom 7,278 were tigers, 5,663 leopards, 1,671 bears, and 1,338 wolves. In one year the loss of human life in the Central Provinces amounted to 506, many of whom were children; while 518 tigers, 895 panthers and leopards, 534 bears, 467 wolves, and 475 hyenas, were put to death. The wolves of Oudh in the same year killed 5 men, 2 women, 72 boys, and 80 girls. Each of the other provinces adds its quota to the butcher's bill. Of the numbers of cattle slain and of the loss entailed on their poor owners no regular estimate can be formed; but one man alone in South Canara complained of having lost 50 head of cattle through wild beasts; Captain Rogers tells of a tiger who killed half a dozen in a few minutes, and it is well known that thousands of villagers are continually reduced to utter poverty, followed by a long term of bondage to moneylenders, through the ravages of these unpleasant neighbours. The very spread of

cultivation tends to increase the suffering caused by their neighbourhood. In the Neilgherries, for instances, the clearing away of jungle for coffee plantations drives the wild animals to seek their prey from the villages at the foot of the hills. On the other hand, the planting of new and the conservation of old forests may afford new haunts or new means of living to the beasts of prey. Superstition also plays no small part in the maintenance of these intolerable scourges. The Gonds, for instance, instead of mustering in force to hunt down the tigers who wage war against them and their herds, have an idiotic way of regarding the tiger as a divinity whose wrath it is unsafe to arouse. If one of them falls a prey to the divinity's appetite for human flesh, the rest of the family are forthwith tabooed as displeasing to the object of their reverent dread, and must expiate their offence by costly sacrifices, which may leave them penniless but will restore them to their caste-rights.

The head-money granted by Government,

to the tune of £15,000 a year, tends, no doubt, to keep the nuisance of wild beasts in some check. As much as a hundred pounds has been given for the head of a man-eating tiger. But the rewards are sometimes granted on very slight evidence; for it is well known that a cunning native will bring up an old head for a new one, or sew a tiger's skin over the head of some smaller animal, and thus cheat a credulous or careless official into passing an unfounded claim. Perhaps the present scale of rewards would bear amending, if, as we understand, much too little is offered for the cubs in comparison with full-grown tigers. The quickest way of extirpating the brutes would be to encourage the destruction of young animals by a larger bounty for their heads. Sportsmen naturally shrink from attacking these scourges with other than the sportsman's usual weapons; but even Captain Rogers in his report avows himself a thorough convert to the use of traps and other wiles against foes so widely destructive.

It is really terrible to find out every day some new danger to which we are exposed. If there is one thing which people have hitherto confided in it is a pill-box; it is allowed to lie about anywhere, it is shut up in a drawer or a cupboard, or is carried in the pocket. A general panic will therefore be caused in many a household by the account given in the *Pharmaceutical Journal* of what recently befell a lady for whom a doctor had prescribed twenty-four pills, each containing two grains of the oxide of silver, a twenty-fourth of a grain of muriate of morphia, and "a sufficiency" of extract of gentian; the pills being coated with silver in the usual manner. The pills, it is stated, were delivered to the patient in an ordinary pill-box, but the lady, being in her nursery and having no pocket in her dress, placed the box in her bosom, probably next the skin. Little did this unfortunate lady know the deadly peril which awaited her. In three-quarters of an hour a severe explosion occurred; her under-clothes were reduced to a tinder, she was seriously burned, and, but that she had the presence of mind to extinguish the flame with her hands, would probably have been destroyed. Oxide of silver being reduced by contact with vegetable extracts is, it seems, in the habit of exploding. It is really as well people should be made aware of the danger they run, in order that they may have magazines for pill-boxes attached to their dwellings. We should also be glad to know if pills of this nature are liable to explode after they are swal-

lowed. No information is given on this point, which is of some little importance; but the *Lancet*, for our consolation, under the head of "Things not Generally Known," says that a similar occurrence has been known in compounding the extract of colocynth with the oxide of silver, and that, with creosote or oil of cloves this salt is reduced to the metallic state with the production of heat, amounting often to an explosion. In fact, there are some pills which are nothing more nor less than infernal machines, and people with volcanic temperaments and undermined constitutions, for whom they are prescribed, should be careful to take them in secluded spots, where no one but themselves can be injured in the event of the explosion.

Pall Mall Gazette.

M. ANDRÉ LEROY, of Antwerp, is engaged on a Dictionary of Pomology; three large volumes are ready, and treat of pears, apples, quinces, service-trees, and medlars. Two more volumes will complete the work, one of which will treat of stone-fruits, the other of grapes and miscellaneous fruits. Each species of fruit is treated in an elaborate way, and to the mode of its culture is prefixed a history of its culture (besides several types of each variety, 915 varieties of pears are described), and each description is accompanied by a woodcut.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
AT ROME.

WHAT came we forth to see? a prima donna
Caresed and feted by an idle crowd?
Or would we do some favoured princeling hon-
our
That thus we herd so close, and talk so loud?

Pushing and struggling, fighting, crushing,
shouting,

What are these motley gazers here to seek,
Like merry-makers on a summer outing?
'Tis but the services of Holy Week.

The pious Romans thank the Virgin Mary,
For pockets heavy and for feelings light;
And most devoutly mulet the *forestieri*
Of a round number of strange coins per night.

The Eternal City swarms with eager strangers
From every quarter of the busy earth;
Who fill the temples, like the money-changers,
And say some prayers—for what they may be
worth.

In never-ending tide of restless motion,
They come to burn, in fashion rather odd,
The incense of their polyglot devotion,
Before the altars of the Latin God.

As flock the Londoners to Epsom races,
Or form a "queue" to see the newest play,
So do the pilgrim-tourists fight for places
Before the chapels in their zeal to pray.

From holy place to holy place they flit,
To "do" as many churches as they can;
And humbly kneeling, for the fun of it,
They climb the staircase of the Lateran.

Here a fair maid from melancholy * Erin, —
Where by Swiss bayonets the way is barred,
Nor Heaven, nor Pope, nor Antonelli fearing, —
Breaks through the lines of the astonished guard.

In customary suit of solemn black,
With string of beads and veil a *l'Espagnole*,
She means to "see it all;" to keep her back
Would be to peril her immortal soul.

There a slim youth, while all but he are kneel-
ing,
Through levelled opera-glass looks down on them,
When round the Sistine's pictured roof is peal-
ing
Our buried Lord's majestic Requiem.

For him each storied wonder of the globe is
"The sort of thing a fellow ought to see;"
And so he patronized *Ora pro nobis*,
And wanted to encore the *Tenebræ*.

Stranger! what though these sounds and sights
be grandest
Of all that on Earth's surface can be found?

* The epithet rests, it will be remembered, on high
authority.

Remember that the place whereon thou standest,
Be thy creed what it may, is holy ground.

Yet I have gaped and worshipped with the rest—
I, too, beneath St. Peter's lofty dome
Have seen, in all their rainbow-colours dressed,
The tinselled glories of monastic Rome;

Have heard the Pontiff's ringing voice bestow,
Mid cheering multitudes and flags unfurled,
Borne by the cannon of St. Angelo,
His blessing on the "City and the World;"

Have seen—and thrilled with wonder as I
gazed—

Ablaze with living lines of golden light,
Like some fire-throne for Arimanes raised,
The great Basilica burn through the night;

Have heard the trumpet-notes of Easter day
(Stones on the lake translated into sound,)
In strange unearthly music float away,
Their silver echoes circling all around:

But I would wander from the crowd apart,
While heads were bowed and tuneful voices sang,
And through the deep recesses of my heart
A still small voice in solemn warning rang.

"O vanity of vanities! ye seem,
Ye pomps and fineries of cleric state,
To make this text the matter of your theme,
That God is little, and that Man is great.

"Is this parade of priestly wealth and splendor
The lesson of the simple Gospel-word?
Is this the sacrifice of self-surrender
Taught by the lowly followers of the Lord?

"In that bent form, with lace and gold bediz-
ened,
Wrapt in the incense of idolatry,
Are the old spirit and old heart imprisoned
Of the poor fisherman of Galilee?

"Do we, who broider thus the garment's hem,
Think of the swaddling-clothes the child had
on?
Grace we the casket, to neglect the gem?
Forget we quite the manger for the throne?

"How long, O Lord, how long? Must then for
ever
The idle throng deface thy sacred walls?
Will mighty Rome throw off these trappings
never?
Oh, of her prelates and her cardinals

"If there be one who with his faith not palters,
But holds the truths divine not taught in vain,
And if about her desecrated altars
One shred of true religion yet remain,

"Among their ranks will not the late avenger
Rise, as of old the Saviour rose in wrath,
O'erthrow the tables of the money-changer,
And scourge the rout of mummers from his
path?

"Or will the waters break from Earth asunder,
In some new flood the sons of pride to drown,
And the insulted Heavens descend in thunder
Upon this masque of impious mockery down?"

While thus in moralizing mood I pondered,
I turned me from the hum of men alone;
And, as my vagrant fancy led me, wandered
Amid the maze of monumental stone.

The crowd their favourite lions had deserted—
Left galleries and ruins in the lurch;
The cicerone's glory had departed,
For 'twas the proper thing to be at church.

So at my will I strayed from place to place,
From classic shrines to modern studios—
Now musing spell-bound, where Our Lady's *
face
In nameless godhead from the canvas glows.

Now, from the still Campagna's desolate rise,
I saw the hills with jealous clasp enfold
The lingering sunlight, while the seaward skies
Paled slowly round the melting disc of gold;

Now gazed, ere yet on dome and tower had died
The glory of the Roman afterglow,
Over the map-like city lying wide,
Half-dreaming, from the Monte Mario.

Traveller, do thou the like; and wouldst thou
learn
How Rome her faithful votaries enthalls
With all the memories that breathe and burn
Within the magic circle of her walls,

Leave pomp of priest and track of guide-led
tourist:
And drink of history at the fountain-head;
For living minds and living things are poorest
In that vast mausoleum of the dead.

* The Madonna of Foligno.

There, where the stately Barberini palace,
Like some new Nimrod's fabric Heavenward
climbs,
Enduring monument of Christian malice,
By outrage wrested from the Pagan times;*

Where, lulled and drowsy with the distant hum,
The sentinel keeps watch upon the town,
And from the heights of old Janiculum
On Father Tiber's yellow face looks down;

Where in their southern grace the moonbeams
play
On Caracalla's tessellated floors,
And rescue from the garish light of day
The Colosseum's ghostly corridors;

Where Raphael and all his great compeers
Art's form divine in giant-mould have cast,
The very air is heavy with the years,
The very stones are vocal of the past.

Still, as we saunter down the crowded street,
On our own thoughts intent, and plans, and
pleasures,
For miles and miles, beneath our idle feet
Rome buries from the day yet unknown treas-
ures.

The whole world's alphabet, in every line
Some stirring page of history she recalls:
Her Alpha is the Prison Mamertine,
Her Omega, St. Paul's without the Walls.

Above, beneath, around, she weaves her spells,
And priest and poet vulgarize in vain:
Who once within her fascination dwells,
Leaves her with but one thought—to come
again.

So cast thine obol into Trevi's fountain—
Drink of its waters—and, returning home,
Pray that by land or sea, by lake or mountain,
"All roads alike may lead at last to Rome."
Easter, 1869. H. C. MERIVALE.

* "Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini."

THE POPE A DESCENDANT OF A JEW.—A correspondent of a Continental contemporary writes as follows to the *Jewish Chronicle*:—I have to make a communication which will undoubtedly prove most interesting to the readers of your paper—namely, that a man thoroughly acquainted with Roman and Italian families has incontestible proofs that the relatives of the present Pontiff, Pope Pius IX., the family of the Mastai, are of Jewish descent. The Mastais derive their title of nobility from one Ferretti, who belonged to a family of the *ancienne noblesse*, but had married in Sinigaglia a baptized Jew, of the name of Mastai. Already twenty-four years ago, when Count Mastai Ferretti ascended the Papal throne as Pius IX., the Marquis Con-

solini published a genealogical pamphlet, in which he demonstrated the Jewish origin of the Mastai. The writer was cited before the tribunal, and his writing burnt. A deadly feud sprang up between the Mastai and Consolini families. One of the Consolini fell by the hand of one of the Mastai, such occurrences not being very rare in Sinigaglia. The whole story would have been well-nigh forgotten, had not a Roman publisher discovered among a heap of dust-covered volumes a copy that had escaped detection, published it anew, and substantiated the truth of its statement by fresh proof. The *Correspondance de Rome* tries to question the authenticity of the statement, but without success.